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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

LORD ERSKINE'S POEM.

The preface to the following poem explains its object and mode of circulation. It possesses the sanctity of a private letter with regard to criticism, though, a copy being kindly given to us by a friend, we have thought that it would not be reckoned by the noble author a breach of privilege if we availed ourselves of it, to multiply and preserve the Literary Curiosity for our readers. We have only further to say, that it was written soon after the battle of Leipzig; and that the notes, which we omit, are of no necessary consequence to the elucidation of the poem. May we not also add, that whatever is decided with regard to its qualities as a poetical composition, there can be but one opinion of the benevolence and humanity of the Writer, in whose distinguished life one of the most brilliant features is his long exerted zeal in the cause of the suffering animal creation?

The following lines were occasioned by my having, at the instance of my Bailiff in Sussex, complained to a neighbour of his Rookery, the only one in that part of the country; but having been afterwards convinced of the utility of Rooks, I commanded my complaint, and wrote "THE FARMER'S VISION."

The lines are very incorrect and unfinished, being sketched only as domestic amusement, to inspire humane and moral feelings in a new generation of my family, and with that view were inscribed to my eldest Grand-daughter, Frances Erskine, as the fair Poetess of St. Leonard's Forest, who, though not then sixteen years of age, could have handled the subject much better herself. It is, indeed, so capable of being made interesting, that I would have prolonged the vision, and worked it up into a Poem, but for an insuperable objection, viz. THAT I AM NOT A POET. It is not fit for publication, and a few copies are only printed for friends who asked for them, as it was too long to make them in writing.

Buchan Hill, Sussex, Dec. 25th, 1818. E.

THE FARMER'S VISION.

Old Esop taught vain Man to look,
In Nature's much neglected book,
To birds and beasts by giving speech,
For lessons out of common reach;
And though 'tis said they speak no more,
Once only too in days of yore,
They whisper truths on Reason's ear,
If human pride would stoop to hear—
Nay often in loud clamours crave
The rights which bounteous Nature gave.

A flock of Rooks—my story goes,
Of all our birds the most verbose,—
Took their black flight to Buchan Hill,
On Willard's * oats to eat their fill:
His gun he fir'd, when off they flew,
With scatter'd rear of not a few,
Fainting from many a cruel wound,
And dropping lifeless on the ground.
But one, bold rising on the wing,
Thus seem'd to speak—Rooks never sing—
" Before the Lord of this domain,
Sure, Justice should not plead in vain,
How can *his* vengeance thus be hurl'd
Against his favourite lower world?
A sentence he must blush to see
Without a summons or a plea;
E'en in his proudest, highest times,
He ne'er had cognizance of crimes,
And shall he now, with such blind fury,
In flat contempt of judge and jury,
Foul murder sanction in broad day,
Not on the King's but God's highway?"
Touch'd with the sharp, but just appeal,
Well turn'd at least to make me feel,
Instant this solemn oath I took—
" No hand shall rise against a Rook."
Scarce had the solemn pledge been given,
When, signal of approving Heaven,
A form angelic seem'd to fly,
On meteor wing, athwart the sky,
Soaring in dazzling volutes round,
Until at last he reach'd the ground,
Just where my beeches hope to grow,
When the fierce tempesta cease to blow—
Aloud he cried—" The bird you saw,
Broke not the universal law;"
His speech, no wonder, seem'd most strange,
Since Nature's laws can never change—
" 'Twas I that hover'd in the air,—
The secrets of this world I bear—
Know, then, since Man's disastrous Fall,
He still, though Sovereign Lord of all,
Must share, by the Supreme decree,
With creatures of the land and sea,
Whatever lands or seas produce,
The gifts of Heaven for common use:
Though Man subdues the stubborn soil,
Their portion is not therefore spoil;
What are their rights, their instincts prove,
Beyond whose bounds they cannot move,
But all the ample range within
Became their own by Adam's sin;
From thence arose a deadly sting,
Infix'd in every living thing:
But Heaven, its mercy still to shew,
Palsied this else destructive foe,
By forging an unbound'd chain
By dying and of life again—
First the mate plants enjoy their hour,
They live in the consummate flower,
With sexual love embrace their kind,
And leave their endless tribes behind,
Midst the pale fading stalks are seen
Their infants swath'd in vivid green;
In this perfum'd and painted bed,
The smaller animals are bred,
Where myriads fill their countless span,
Unseen by any art of man,
Whilst still in the ascending line
New beings rise by power divine;
But all their mortal nature feel
As turns the quick revolving wheel;

* At that time my bailiff in Sussex.

Yet when in heaps the largest die,
No rank corruption taints the sky;
The putrid mass restores the ground
Till vital heat in Death's cold arms is found—
Here runs out the mysterious cline,
And the great course begins anew:
Type of that promis'd glorious day,
When Earth's whole scene shall pass away,
When Time himself, grown sick with age,
Shall perish on this mortal stage,
And Death, subdued in Heavenly strife,
Shall sink beneath Eternal life.
But truths, which Angels cannot teach,
Are far beyond my powers to teach;
Yet learn what human kind may scan,
The law which rules this fallen state of Man,
The lower world's allotted part
Was given, to turn the fatal dart
Aside from him, whose trespass gave
All nature to the penal grave;
For think not that the curse of hell
On living creatures only fell;
The globe, through all its frame partook
Man's mortal doom, and since has shook
With inward flames, whilst fever'd air
Flashes with due electric glare;
Nor could this mighty chief endure
One single hour the mass impure,
But for the aids creation gives,—
By others lives and deaths he lives.
The Serpent first, his earliest foe,
And the whole reptile class below,
From earth their deadliest venoms draw,
Thriving by an inverted law,
Which life, in various forms, bestows
Midst vapours whence such poison flows,
That none dare meet the fatal damp,
Without fam'd *Davy's* magic lamp—
Blasts that from caverns issuing hot,
Would kill a giant on the spot,
If left, with undiminish'd power,
Man's feeble organs to devour:
But filter'd thro' their sluggish forms,
From monstrous snakes to smallest worms,
Fell hydrogen is chas'd away,
And air resumes its wholesome sway.
The insect tribe you vainly fear,
As hidden cause of famine drear;
Rashly defam'd,—you cannot see,
In their minute anatomy,
Their various duties, nor their skill
To aid the Universal Will;
Insects are but a mass of life,
Engag'd with death in constant strife,
And, whilst triumphant in the fight,
Presumptuous man complains of blight.
What falsehoods will not human folly dare!
They form the very element of air;
Their beings all its vital powers supply,
Without them, vacuum is, when all must die.—
In the large animals, you see
And own a wise economy,—
Their strength, their gifts, distinctly prove
A system of protecting Love;
Without their aids, Man's boundless sway
You feel would languish and decay;
Plain lesson sure, that others bear
Like stations in paternal care,
With powers all weigh'd in nicest scale,
That none to mischief may prevail;
Nor could the soil its produce yield,
Tho' *Coke* himself prepared the field,
But for the never-ceasing round,
In which both life and death are found;

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But chief when tithe is first begun,
Earth meets the Air and blessed Sun,
Then numbers beyond numbr'ing rise,
Some skin the earth, some scour the skies ;
Th' astonish'd Farmer toils in vain,
Each hour destroys his ripening grain,
But Providence beholds the scene,
And other beings step between,—
Yet let not man presume to know
Their course, nor dare to strike the blow ;
Blind as the mole he snares,—shall he,
Murmuring at the Supreme decree,
At random break that mighty chain,
No link of which is made in vain ?

" At Outlands, where the buoyant air
Vast clouds of Rooks can scarcely bear,
What verdure paints returning spring !
What crops surrounding harvests bring !
Yet swarms on every tree are found,
Nor hear the fowler's dreadd sound ;
And when the Kite's resistless blow
Dashes their scatter'd nests below,
Alarm'd they quit the distant field,
To seek the park's indulgent shield,
Where, close in the o'ershadowing wood,
They build new cradles for their brood,
Secure—
their fair Protectress nigh,
Whose bosom swells with sympathy—
Nor glows a heavenly breast in vain—
God builds her royal House again,
And bids Frederica smiling see
Restor'd Great Frederick's monarchy,
See Gallia's ruthless vultures die—
Whilst the BLACK EAGLE mounts the sky—
But scenes like this how rare to find !
As rare as YORK's delightful mind.
To man, whoever pleads the cause
Of Nature's universal laws,
Must prove them made alone for him ;
To other views his sight is dim :
Your grave philosopher will tell ye,
To clothe his back and fill his belly
Is the grand scope of all creation,
The rest but mere imagination.—
Ungrateful masters !—Yes—tis true ;
But servants should have comforts too—
The bounteous Author of the whole,
Inspir'd as with one living soul,
Each sentient being, great and small,
Eternal Justice reigns thro' all,
And selfish man, the secret known,
Must guard their rights to save his own.
Thus Rooks, of corn must have their fill,
Or else farewell to Buchan Hill—
For proof you lonely insect see,
Sav'd out of millions only he."
A Wireworm then his speech address'd,
And thus the hidden truth confess'd—
" Yes—out of millions, million-fold,
The last upon your soil behold ;
From your good neighbour's highest tree
Black harpies came, and left but me,
Harpies to us the worst of fiends,
To you the best and surest friends—
Know, then, the various seeds you sowed,
That the first burst of vigour shewed,
Were never touch'd by tongue of Rook,
The whole, both root and branch, we took,
And but for those, you seek to kill,
Darting with never-ceasing bill,
No grain that Sussex ever knew
Would raise one single blade for you ;
Still might you sow whole miles of oats,
Yet not be richer twenty groats ;
E'en the fam'd grasses Petworth grows,
Midst all that wealth or skill bestows,
Would, as thro' magic, disappear,
Nor rise with Spring another year.
Cease, then, unjustly to complain,
With impious threats, of pilfer'd grain,

It is their wages for the good
They do in making us their food ;
Their portion of the crop is small,
Better spare that than give us all—
If thrift impels your Baliff's rage,
Let larger views his thoughts engage.
To pluck up taxes by the root,
Let him both Lords and Commons shoot ;
And still to keep the merry farce on,
To end all tything, shoot the Parson ;
Still more, to save your Lordship's pelf,
Next shoot the Shepherd—last himself—
Then see what helpless man could do,
By saving that to others due :
When government was at an end
Who would your lonely cot defend ?
Religion's altars overthrown,
Moral restraints there would be none ;
If Rooks offend you, who would then
Protect you from worse thefts of men—
What from the midnight murderer's knife,
Now fearless rais'd against your life ?
When clos'd your Steward's watchful eye
Your choicest cattle soon would die,
Your fields unsown, your rents unpaid,
Your smiling farms in ruins laid—
Your Shepherd gone, your flocks would roam,
Nor find at night their shelter'd home ;
No labourers left to pare and burn,
The barren heath would soon return,
And woods unthim'd would strew the ground
On every storm's relentless sound.
To laws of God then, or of man,
Ordain'd for this contracted span,
Let each submit within his sphere,
Nor hope to find perfection here.
Farewell—for I have liv'd a day,
And from this world must haste away,
Enjoy your longer—higher life,
Set free at last from hourly strife ;
Rush not into the toils again
Nor wealth nor honour to attain ;
Here happier prospects you may see ;
Your guardian spirit speaks thro' me,
For not to us was reason given,
Nor speech, by all-disposing Heaven,—
Those ampler powers, and form divine,
Image of God, are only thine—
You radiant Angel, still in view,
Was once a mortal man like you—
Yet see, He bursts upon the sight
With wings outspread 'midst floods of light." I look'd, but nought was seen around,
Nor heard, but distant thunder's sound. E.

Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent, during the Years 1799-1804. By Alexander de Humboldt and Aimé Bonpland. Vol. IV. London 1819. 8vo. pp. 573.

To announce a new volume of M. de Humboldt's Journey, is to announce a work distinguished for philosophical research, for indefatigable adventure in quest of knowledge, for striking incident as a mere book of travels, and for an infinite store of new facts and discoveries in every branch of moral, political, and natural history. This is so well known to the reading world, that we shall not waste a word upon the subject; but simply take this opportunity of bearing testimony to the great truth and accuracy of the author's statements,

which we are enabled particularly to do in the present instance on the authority of a friend, who, having travelled over much of the same ground, assures us, from his experience, that M. de Humboldt's narrative is remarkable not only for the extent of its information, but for the unvarnished fidelity with which his subjects are described.

We confess, however, that we dislike this tardy mode of bringing out publications. Like the travellers, we should be glad to know when we set out how far we are going; and, as we proceed, where our voyage is to end. But when volume follows volume, with intervals of years between, much of the spirit certainly evaporates, and we have always a suspicion that the library at home is a great eke out of the memoranda abroad. M. de Humboldt, however, is so instructive and pleasing, that we ought not to complain of this practice when writing about him.

With regard to the new volume, we shall not analyse it, but select such parts as seem most curious, trusting that the well-earned reputation of the author will render further praise unnecessary. Caracas, with its productions and wonders, the Rio Apure, the Rio Oronoco, and the circumjacent territory, form entirely the subject of this very interesting portion of M. de Humboldt's work.

When at Calabozo, the travellers endeavoured to obtain and examine the gymnotus or electrical eel, abounding in the stagnant basins in that vicinity, but could not succeed in pursuing the inquiry. The following extraordinary scene is described :—

Impatient of waiting, and having obtained very uncertain results from an electrical eel that had been brought to us alive, but much enfeebled, we repaired to the Cano de Bera, to make our experiments in the open air, on the borders of the water itself. We set off on the 19th of March, at a very early hour, for the village of *Rastro de Abaxo*; thence we were conducted by the Indians to a stream, which, in the time of drought, forms a basin of muddy water, surrounded by fine trees, the clusia, the amyris, and the mimosa, with fragrant flowers. To catch the gymnoti with nets is very difficult, on account of the extreme agility of the fish, which bury themselves in the mud like serpents. We would not employ the *barbasco*, that is to say, the roots of the piscidea erythrina, jacquinia armillaris, and some species of phyllanthus, which, thrown into the pool, intoxicate or benumb these animals. These means would have enfeebled the gymnoti; the Indians therefore told us, that they would " fish with horses," *embarascar con caballos*. We found it difficult to form an idea of this extraordinary manner of fishing; but we soon saw our guides return from the savannah,

which they had been scouring for wild horses and mules. They brought about thirty with them, which they forced to enter the pool.

The extraordinary noise caused by the horses' hoofs makes the fish issue from the mud, and excites them to combat. These yellowish and livid eels, resembling large aquatic serpents, swim on the surface of the water, and crowd under the bellies of the horses and mules. A contest between animals of so different an organization furnishes a very striking spectacle. The Indians, provided with harpoons and long slender reeds, surround the pool closely; and some climb upon the trees, the branches of which extend horizontally over the surface of the water. By their wild cries, and the length of their reeds, they prevent the horses from running away, and reaching the bank of the pool. The eels, stunned by the noise, defend themselves by the repeated discharge of their electric batteries. During a long time they seem to prove victorious. Several horses sink beneath the violence of the invisible strokes, which they receive from all sides in organs the most essential to life; and stunned by the force and frequency of the shocks, disappear under the water. Others, panting, with mane erect, and haggard eyes, expressing anguish, raise themselves, and endeavour to flee from the storm by which they are overtaken. They are driven back by the Indians into the middle of the water; but a small number succeed in eluding the active vigilance of the fishermen. These regain the shore, stumbling at every step, and stretch themselves on the sand, exhausted with fatigue, and their limbs benumbed by the electric shocks of the gymnoti.

In less than five minutes two horses were drowned. The eel, being five feet long, and pressing itself against the belly of the horses, makes a discharge along the whole extent of its electric organ. It attacks once the heart, the intestines, and the plexus ocellatus of the abdominal nerves. It is natural, that the effect felt by the horses should be more powerful, than that produced upon man by the touch of the same fish at only one of his extremities. The horses are probably not killed, but only stunned. They are drowned, from the impossibility of rising amid the prolonged struggle between the other horses and the eels.

We had little doubt, that the fishing would terminate by killing successively all the animals engaged; but by degrees the impetuosity of this unequal combat diminished, and the wearied gymnoti dispersed. They require a long rest, and abundant nourishment, to repair what they have lost of galvanic force. The mules and horses appear less frightened; their manes are no longer bristled, and their eyes express less dread. The gymnoti approach timidly the edge of the marsh, where they are taken by means of small harpoons fastened to long cords. When the cords are very dry, the Indians feel no shock in raising the fish into the air. In a few minutes we had five

large eels, the greater part of which were but slightly wounded. Some were taken by the same means toward the evening.

The temperature of the waters, in which the gymnoti habitually live, is from 26° to 27°. Their electric force diminishes, it is said, in colder waters; and it is remarkable, that in general, as a celebrated naturalist has already observed, animals endowed with electromotive organs, the effects of which are sensible to man, are not found in the air, but in a fluid that is a conductor of electricity. The gymnotus is the largest of electrical fishes. I measured some, that were from five feet to five feet three inches long; and the Indians assert, that they have seen still longer. We found, that a fish of three feet ten inches long weighed twelve pounds. The transverse diameter of the body, without reckoning the anal fin, which is elongated in the form of a keel, was three inches five lines. The gymnoti of *Cano de Bera* are of a fine olive-green. The under part of the head is yellow mingled with red. Two rows of small yellow spots are placed symmetrically along the back, from the head to the end of the tail. Every spot contains an excretory aperture. In consequence, the skin of the animal is constantly covered with a mucous matter, which, as Volta has proved, conducts electricity twenty or thirty times better than pure water. It is in general somewhat remarkable, that no electrical fish, yet discovered, (of which there are only seven) in the different parts of the world, is covered with scales.

The following is an extraordinary picture of the scenery on the River Apure, down which our travellers went in a boat to the Oronoko.

Sometimes the river is bordered by forests on each side, and forms a straight canal a hundred and fifty toises broad. The manner in which the trees are disposed is very remarkable. We first find bushes of *sauvo*, forming a kind of hedge four feet high; and appearing as if they had been clipped by the hand of man. A copse of cedars, briallettes, and lignum vitae, rises behind this hedge. Palm-trees are rare; we saw only a few scattered trunks of the thorny piritu and corozo. The large quadrupeds of those regions, the tigers, tapirs, and pecaris, have made openings in the hedge of *sauvos* which we have just described. Through these the wild animals pass, when they come to drink at the river. As they fear but little the approach of a boat, we had the pleasure of viewing them pace slowly along the shore, till they disappeared in the forest, which they entered by one of the narrow passes left here and there between the bushes. I confess that these scenes, which were often repeated, had ever for me a peculiar attraction. The pleasure they excite is not owing solely to the interest, which the naturalist takes in the objects of his study; it is connected with a feeling common to all men, who have been brought up in the habits of civilization. You find yourself in a new

world, in the midst of untamed and savage nature. Now it is the jaguar, the beautiful panther of America, that appears upon the shore; and now the hocco, with its black plumage and its tufted head, that moves slowly along the *sauvos*. Animals of the most different classes succeed each other. "Esse como en el Paraíso," said our pilot, an old Indian of the missions.

When the shore is of considerable breadth, the hedge of *sauvo* remains at a distance from the river. In this intermediate ground we see crocodiles, sometimes to the number of eight or ten, stretched on the sand. Motionless, the jaws opened at right angles, they repose by each other, without displaying any of those marks of affection observed in other animals that live in society. The troop separates as soon as they quit the shore. It is, however, probably composed of one male only, and many females; for, as Mr. Descourtis, who has so much studied the crocodiles of Saint Domingo, observed before me, the males are rare, because they kill one another in fighting during the season of their loves. These monstrous reptiles are so numerous, that throughout the whole course of the river we had almost at every instant five or six in view. Yet at this period the swelling of the Rio Apure was scarcely perceived; and consequently hundreds of crocodiles were still buried in the mud of the savannahs. About four in the afternoon we stopped to measure a dead crocodile, that the waters had thrown on the shore. It was only sixteen feet eight inches long; some days after Mr. Bonpland found another, a male, twenty-two feet three inches long. In every zone, in America as in Egypt, this animal attains the same size. The species so abundant in the Apure, the Oronoko, and the Rio de la Magdalena, is not a *cayman*, or alligator, but a real crocodile, with feet dentated at the external edges, analogous to that of the Nile. When it is recollected, that the male enters the age of puberty only at ten years, and that its length is then eight feet, we may presume, that the crocodile measured by Mr. Bonpland was at least twenty-eight years old. The Indians told us, that at San Ferando scarcely a year passes, without two or three grown up persons, particularly women who fetch water from the river, being drowned by these carnivorous lizards. They related to us the history of a young girl of Uritucu, who by singular intrepidity and presence of mind, saved herself from the jaws of a crocodile. When she felt herself seized, she sought the eyes of the animal, and plunged her fingers into them with such violence, that the pain forced the crocodile to let her loose, after having bitten off the lower part of her left arm. The girl, notwithstanding the enormous quantity of blood she lost, happily reached the shore, swimming with the hand she had still left.

The movements of the crocodile of the Apure are abrupt and rapid when it attacks any object; but it moves with the slowness

of a salamander, when it is not excited by rage or hunger. The animal in running makes a rustling noise, that seems to proceed from the rubbing of the scales of its skin against one another. In this movement it bends its back, and appears higher on its legs than when at rest.

Crocodiles are excellent swimmers; they go with facility against the most rapid current. It appeared to me, however, that in descending the river they had some difficulty in turning quickly about. A large dog, that had accompanied us in our journey from Caracas to the Rio Negro, was one day pursued in swimming by an enormous crocodile, which had nearly reached him, when the dog escaped his enemy by turning round suddenly and swimming against the current. The crocodile performed the same movement, but much more slowly than the dog, which happily gained the shore.

The crocodiles of the Apure find abundant nourishment in the chiguires, (the thick-nosed tapir of naturalists,) which live fifty or sixty together in troops on the banks of the river. These unfortunate animals, as large as our pigs, have no weapons of defence; they swim somewhat better than they run: yet they become the prey of the crocodiles in the water, as of the tigers on land. It is difficult to conceive, how, persecuted by two powerful enemies, they can become so numerous; but they breed with the same rapidity as the cobayas, or little guinea-pigs, which come to us from Brazil.

* *Altham and his Wife: a domestic Tale.*
London 1818. 12mo. pp. 198.

This is a pleasing little story, and it is very cleverly written. The principal objection to it is its exclusive Epicurean tendency. We are not of any fanatical sect, the creed of which inculcates the necessity of abstaining from all the good things of this world, in order to be sure of happiness in the next, yet we must altogether dissent from a system which has enjoyment for its *only* object. There is something too so selfish in this, that we cannot believe but that the author (who appears to be a feeling and disinterested man) does in fact run counter to the principles which he insinuates throughout his work.

"Altham and his Wife" is a simple, domestic story. There are no dismal struggles between love and duty—no absent or forgotten lover, to whom eternal affection has been vowed—no mysterious father, or young lady compelled to conceal her name. There is a love affair, to be sure, but it is not protracted beyond the limits of ordinary courtship.

* Written by a friend, and adopted, after perusing the volume to which it refers: to us it appears to merge rather more censurably into what has been called the Cockney School.—ED.

There is not even a nobleman in distress or disguise, or a foreigner instructing us either in liberty or the languages; nevertheless, as we have said, this is a pleasing story. The principal charm arises, in our opinion, from the heroine, who adheres to her husband, and comforts him through several of those dreary vicissitudes which unfortunately occur but too frequently in life. The descriptions are fresh, and the feelings natural, and there is a good deal of unpretending pathos interspersed throughout the tale.

A young man of the name of Francis Altham, who is a lover of green fields, and sweet sounds, and Shakspere, commits himself to the crowd of the pit, in order to witness the representation of the play of Cymbeline. Whatever attraction Cymbeline might have had at another time, Altham's thoughts are drawn for once another way, by "mettle more attractive," in the shape of a young lady who is called Laura Heseltine. Some civility exhibited by Altham at the theatre towards the lady and her father, leads to conversation—the conversation turns on criticism (in which Altham shews himself acquainted with the beauties of the Bard)—they leave the theatre all together. They then naturally enough fall in love, and are married in a reasonable time. It is now necessary to have a house, and this house is situated in the vicinity of London. There are one or two good observations upon the absurdity of people fancying that "the country" can exist no where but at a long distance from the metropolis. The valley of the beautiful Arno, and the neighbourhood of one or two others of the Italian cities, would be ample evidence of the folly of this notion, were not our own green and sweetly picturesque country sufficient. Beyond the house

Lies a series of meadows large and green, reposing full in the face, and, as it were, in the benedictions of heaven: the low hedges that intersect them are saved from a dull uniformity of outline by the ambition of some of their component plants, which have at frequent intervals aspired into trees: the middle distance, as the painters call it, is marked by a continuous ridge of trees of many kinds—birch, ash, elm, and the poplar with its spiral top giving something of an Italian character to the outline. — — — Through the frequent gaps of the ridge is discerned a pale line of hills fading into the sky: the whole scene besides is sprinkled with white cottages, &c.—pp. 6, 7.

This is very pretty description, and we do not wonder that Altham and his wife pass their honey-moon and some subsequent months very pleasantly there. At last (for "the course of true love never did run smooth") misfortunes come

thick upon them. But we must not pass the description of the heroine, for whom we profess a respect:

She was not one of those beauties of whom some of the poets are so fond, with a pensive grace, and a form so excessively slight, that her tread would not depress

A blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blowball from his stalk.
No, she carried in her face, and in the significance of her black eyes, the signs of health and animal spirits: her shape was round and *fleshy* [we abominate this word] where it ought to be so, and when she walked, &c.—p. 25.

She wore the gait of a fine woman. There seems to have been some archness about her, though this is converted into a paleness and languor, altogether interesting, on Altham's proposing to her the truly serious question of matrimony. After his interview with her father, they return to the parlour, and the situation of the lady is excellently well told. She is seated at the pianoforte—

She was aware of the interview that had just taken place, and dared not rise or turn toward them as they entered: but with her eyes steadfastly fixed on the music book, ran over the instrument with uncertain fingers, which in many instances failed to press down the key they fell on. Her performance would have put a musician to death.

Her father drew near her—her posture was not altered. "My dear," said he, "look round." At these words a blushing face, with eyes full of embarrassment, was turned towards him: when he smiled, and in an instant she was sobbing on his breast.—p. 43-4.

As we stated before, the young married folks meet with misfortunes, and if the circumstance from which they proceed had not been the means of producing some very interesting scenes, we should be inclined to censure it as inadequate and improbable. Altham and his wife visit Mr. Marriott, a very intimate friend, who has a certain Mr. Simpson for his acquaintance. This Simpson is pleased to deceive himself into a notion of his being virtuous, and moreover one of what is called "the elect;" and to this (what we have always considered) very mystic title, is attached the privilege of abusing your neighbour, and drinking brandy and water for a long time with impunity. Simpson and Altham get upon "points debateable," and dress, and perfumes, and music, and other "vanities," are inveighed against with much solemnity and absurdity by the "chosen" man. There is a good passage here—it forms an answer to the Simpsons of the day, who (for want of something better to rely on) pique themselves upon wearing unbecoming garments.

When a woman ornaments herself, she pays a homage to nature, one of whose principles is splendour. There is something amounting almost to impiety in the Quaker, who thinks to please the Divine Being by a system so opposite to his own. Should he chance to walk in a spring meadow, what must he think of his eternal drab, on beholding that bright green floor, from which a thousand golden eyes are looking up to a blue arch above them?

The dames and chevaliers, he adds, in the pictures of Watteau, with their guitars and fruit, &c. look more like religious and thankful persons. This is true: and were the object of their adornment what the author insinuates, it would be true in fact. — Simpson is mortally affronted by Altham's differing from him (this, by the way, is unlikely) and he accordingly goes about breathing slanders against him in the ears of all who know him. About this time the merchant in whose hands Altham's property was, unwisely, deposited, misappropriates it, breaks, and flies to America. He writes to Altham a letter, confessing this fact, and his contrition, in language which we at once recognise to be sincere.

Altham is now reduced to various employments, from each of which he is driven by some invisible and malignant spirit, who turns out eventually to be Mr. Simpson the fanatic. It is under the pressure of this persecution, which occasions the colour of his fortunes to deepen gradually, from the mere shade of inconvenience, down to the dark and dismal calamities of starvation and imprisonment, that the exemplary wife rises upon our notice. She is the kind and faithful friend, the sad, but uncomplaining wife—cheerful in the presence of her husband, buoying him up when he would otherwise have sunk;—then his prison companion, his nurse, and lastly, the judicious herald of returning fortune. We think this character very good. She is not, it is true, a "Lady Laura," perplexed both with sentimentality and distress, but she is

"Higher far descended," if one may judge, by her inheritance, of the stock from which she sprung. Simpson the slanderer dies, bequeathing his property to Altham, and his death is well described. He lives in a gloomy house, where pictures in black frames are plentiful, and books ("Faith before works, and the *Inefficacy of the latter*," &c.) and bottles of brandy, stand side by side in appalling disorder. Simpson was formerly a fat and red-faced man, but now

He turned his head slowly round, and fixed his dim eyes on his old friend's countenance. Marriott was horror-struck. That

could not be Simpson lying before him. How could [his face] be changed to that small, wrinkled, pinched, and white visage. "Oh, Mr. Marriott," he cried, "I have ruined that young man. His good name is gone, and enemies are all about him. It is I who have done this." Here he stopped, and still his eyes moved not, but kept their perplexing stare upon his visitor.—p. 180-1.

He then details his acquaintance with a Methodist preacher; his gradual progress to fanaticism and brandy; his hatred of Altham, and his aspersion. The following is very powerful. He says—

I am depressed by fancies, as if shadows sat by me in unnatural silence. My own voice startles me—it is so unlike what it used to be.

But we must conclude. The merchant's honesty and Simpson's death restore Altham and his wife to liberty and love again, with wealth added to their store. The effect upon Altham, of the transition from the gloominess of a prison, to the comfort of his friend's house, is well described; though we have an objection to the word "crisp" when applied to sheets, as well as to some other peculiarities of thought and expression, which we have no room now to notice. The power of the author lies, we think, in the description of scenery, some of which is very good (for instance, a line of small clouds rising from the horizon to the greatest height, as it were, of the blue sky, "like a troop of shining messengers ascending with some request from earth to heaven," and some others;) and also in pathetic touches, for which we must refer the reader to the volume itself. We have said enough to recommend it as an interesting one, but we must again protest against its exclusive Epicurism.

Letters from the North of Italy. By W. Stewart Rose. London 1819. 8vo. 2 vols.

In his various peregrinations, performing a sort of sweep at the foot of the Alps, the Author notices the green fields of Lombardy, which are in colour so unlike those of England. Mr. Rose says,

I prefer the Italian, which strikes me, from having more of yellow in its composition (perhaps from the greater quantity of yellow light) as infinitely more picturesque; nor do I know more melancholy combination of colours than that of a dark green ground, turned up with black clouds, the ordinary livery of the English year.

This remark is worthy of attention, both from those who paint English landscapes, and those who judge of them, and of pictures produced under a foreign

sky. A due regard to it as the foundation of a canon of criticism in this respect, would go far to decide who were pupils of nature, and who imitators of art. Mr. R. makes some sensible observations on Palladian Architecture. Among its defects he places the high and hideous roofs that often look like hatches for the statues, which appear to have

"Stept to their pedestals to take the air," in the full confidence of having a sufficient retreat behind them. Yet he does justice to the great Palladio, whose boundless imagination and skill in employing its stores, do indeed merit the highest encomium.

Upon this subject we perfectly agree with the Author, who thinks this school better adapted to the modern improvements of London than the Grecian, which has been chosen in imitation of Piranesi. His reasons will be found at pages 165-6, &c. Vol. I. It is singular, that notwithstanding their fine architecture, the mechanical are far behind the liberal arts.

The finest palaces are often lighted with leaden casements. Modern buildings, indeed, have sash windows; but here magnificent panes of glass are held by the wood-work; for, though employed in the adjoining countries of Germany and Switzerland, the use of putty is unknown in Italy.

The same backwardness will be found in many of the customs of this country, which so strangely mingles the utmost refinement with the grossest barbarism. Almost every newspaper brings us accounts of the savage exploits of organized banditti, who infest the roads, and render travelling dangerous in many parts of Italy. Of these Mr. Rose gives us some extraordinary and atrocious instances.

An elderly gentleman, the inhabitant of a villa in the Roman state, walking out with his two daughters, was surprised, at a turning of his own wall, by ruffians, who carried him off, together with his children. His infirmities, however, preventing his keeping up with the gang, he was murdered by them; a proceeding by no means uncommon with the Roman and Neapolitan banditti. The daughters, after having undergone "outrage worse than death," were afterwards ransomed by the miserable mother.*

An English gentleman, long resident at Rome, was witness to the following scene:

* The tribes of thieves were afterwards admitted to an honourable capitulation; and surrendered for a specified term, on condition of being lodged and fed at public charge. Will it be believed that English ladies went to see them, and made them presents? An Italian gentleman asked me if this was in admiration of their most distinguishing propensity.

Two men issued from a billiard-table into the square called the *Piazza di Spagna*, where one stabbed the other to the heart. The news of the murder soon spread; and two women, one old and the other young, rushed towards the spot, with loud screams, and fainted on the body. Whilst these poor wretches lay senseless, their gold earrings were torn from their ears by the surrounding multitude!

The Author himself, in travelling from Terracina, (some years before) was partially a witness to the horror described in the following.

From this place to *Cisterna*, the road was said to be impassable; and at the inn at *Terracina* were three men who had been carried up the mountains by banditti, as hostages, whilst their servant went to *Cisterna* to collect their ransom, fixed, like a military requisition, at so many crowns, so many silver watches, so many pair of shoes, &c. all which having been safely delivered, the hostages, who were of the neighbourhood of *Cisterna*, were released. A fourth, whose accent betrayed the distance of his home, and consequently the hopelessness of ransom, was stript and butchered in cold blood.

As their crimes are horrible, so are some of their punishments ridiculous. What would an English audience think of a thief being punished on the stage, as a part of the evening's amusements? such is the case at *Vincenza*.

A piece (says our author) which I saw exhibited on this theatre, is perhaps deserving of mention: a poor wretch was seated in a chair, on an elevated stage, with fetters on his ankles, to prevent an escape, and a placard pendent from his neck, which described his punishment and crime; an offence which consisted, as the paper spoke, "in attempted rapine." This species of pillory, *la berlina*, seemed to answer what was the ancient object of such a punishment with us, namely, to make the criminal notorious, not to put the weapons of vindictive justice into the hands of a mob. But the Vicentine rabble, unlike the

crowd which throws
Its filth in some less villain's nose,

surrounded the stage, with faces expressive of painful emotion; and the disgust, evidently excited, though not audibly expressed, at some coarse jests passed between the criminal and one of the bystanders, and which only moved the merriment of the *sbirri*, proved the generality of this feeling.

As our theatrical managers are always running after novelty, they may perhaps improve on this hint, and try to borrow some felons from Newgate or the Penitentiary, for their melo-dramas and tragedies.

Gaming, the source of much guilt, is as common in Italy as in other nations. Their cards are of three kinds, though

only one is in general use. Instead of diamonds, spades, &c. they have money, swords, and cups.

These cards are the same as the Spanish, but are of Italian origin; for it is, I believe, agreed, on all hands, to ascribe the invention of printing on wood to the Italians, the merit of this lying between a Sicilian and a Brescian, who both flourished about the beginning of the fourteenth century. As to these two, I am inclined to assign the palm, such as it is, to the Brescian, for a gentleman of Brescia is actually in possession of a series of blocks, the work of his countryman, amongst which are the plates, if I may use the expression, of the Italian and Spanish cards.

Our *loo* is their *pamfil*, and *casino* their game of *concina*; and there is a general resemblance in other games from those at fairs and festivals, to those of the higher circles. They resemble us also in another point, in which we thought John Bull more singular than he appears to be, though he has certainly the honour of having carried the brutality to a higher pitch than any other people. We allude to pugilism; on which subject, Mr. Rose tells us,

Boxing is, I believe, under different forms, common all over Tuscany, but is reduced to least perfection in the capital. There, to recur to poetry for assistance,

Their hands fair knocks or foul in fury rain,
And in this tempest of bye-blows and bruises,
Not a stray fisty-cuff descends in vain,
But blood from eyes and mouth and nostrils
oozes.

Nor stop they there, but in their phrenzy
pull at

Whatever comes to hand, hair, nose, or gullet.

Translation of Battach.

If a man finds himself overmatched at this foul play, he usually shouts "*Io soccorso!*" and by the aid of the first comer turns the tables upon his antagonist. He again finds his abettors, and the combat thickens, till the street wears the appearance of the stage at the conclusion of *Tom Thumb*.

At Sienna, the art puts on a more scientific form. In this city are regular academies for pugilistic exercise; there is a code for the regulation of boxing-matches, a certain time for resurrection is accorded to the one knocked down, and, in short, the strife assumes all the distinguishing features of a *courteous combat*.

In this place also (*Vicenza*, and at Florence), people contend with what may be called *courteous weapons*, that is, with the unarmed fist; but at Pisa and Leghorn, they clinch a cylindrical piece of stick, which projects at each end of the doubled fist, and inflicts a cruel wound when they strike obliquely. I am nearly certain that I have seen the representation of some antique statue, with the clenched hand armed in the same manner, and the stick secured to the fist by strings; but I have no recollection where.

Speaking of the food and wines of the Italians, we find, in various parts of these volumes, the following observations:—

It appears to me a false remark, though a general one on the continent, that the English are a very carnivorous people: I believe, for myself, that they eat more vegetables than any other people whatever; for the Frenchman, for instance, only considers vegetables as an indispensable accompaniment to his *boulli*, while an Englishman pairs every mouthful (of whatever description) which he swallows, with a proportionate allowance of cabbage or potatoes. The Italian is less herbivorous still than the Frenchman, as he even eats his *boulli* without *bronze*, except, if I recollect rightly, at Milan, where it is generally fringed with sour-crust, or a straggling border of carrots.

The marked difference between the natives of the Italian provinces is to be traced in the smallest things, even to varieties in their kitchen, though this is fundamentally the same throughout. Thus maccheroni forms the favourite pottage* of the Neapolitans, and rice that of the Venetians, and many towns have their peculiar species of paste, which seldom strays beyond the frontier. The great national link is Parmesan cheese, which always crowns the mess.

We may observe that the customs of the kitchen are amongst the most permanent of national habits. Thus I have been assured that the emigrants from Suffolk are to be distinguished from the other colonies of North America, by their pudding-eating propensities, which, I dare say, they inherited at first hand from their Anglo-Saxon ancestors; and I suppose that even the squab-pye of Devonshire, were the pursuits of our Antiquarian Society rationally conducted, might be traced up to the heroic ages of the Heptarchy.

A learned and ingenious friend observes, that Greek colonies, wherever they have been planted, have introduced the passion for cheese as a principal ingredient in cookery. The fact, as far as my observation extends, is true, though I never yet met with it in negus, as Nestor and Machaon drank it. But cheese seems to have spread from the Greeks to the Romans, is general throughout Italy, and, as I said before, is the great bond of union between her various kitchens.

— — — Every foul that flies, and every fish that swims, is meat in Italy; whilst, on the contrary, some of the greatest delicacies which sea and air offer, are rejected by us.

Amongst these I should class all small birds, which are here dignified by the appellation of birds of the gentle beak, such as thrushes, robin-red-breasts, as contradistinguished from sparrows, and others which may be said to be of the *burgher beak*.

* *Minestra*.

The cuttle-fish is also a luxury stewed in its own ink and oil.

The best wine in Rome, the *vino d'Orvieto*, is to be considered but as a better breed of vinegar; and hence a foreigner, resident there, of I know not what country, but who had studied in an English brewery, conceived the project of introducing the use of beer. The scheme succeeded beyond his hopes, and even the Romans followed the example of the English, Swiss, and Germans, who flocked by hundreds to his vats. Whilst he was thus in the high road to wealth, a rich and powerful noble begged the *diritto esclusivo*, or monopoly of this article, from the pope. Having obtained it, he sent for the poor brewer, and communicated the intelligence, kindly informing him that he might still continue the trade, as his agent. He subscribed to his conditions, since it might no better be, and went on with his brewery. But the tax levied by the puissant peer was so great, that he was under the necessity of at once lowering his beer and raising his price. The consequences may be guessed: customers disappeared; the noble took little by his motion; the brewer became bankrupt, and the people were poisoned as before.

The wines of Lombardy are in general very bad: the renowned and classical "*Falerian*" is inferior to small beer.

I know (says Mr. R.) but four wholesome species of what call table-wine in Lombardy; the first is the Vicentine, at least in my estimation; the second, a stronger wine, is produced near Verona; the third is grown on the Euganean hills; and the fourth, which I have met with at inns, on the border towards Piedmont, is called *il vin rosso delle colline*—a denomination which speaks for itself.

There are few strong wines grown in Lombardy; but these, when kept long enough, are excellent, as the *piccolit* of Friuli, and the *Vino di Breganza*. Most of the others are what is called in Italian, *vini da pasto*, or *vini da pasteggiare*; that is, wine to be drunk at meals, like our beer; for the Italians are not much addicted to strong or foreign wines, which are only to be met with in the houses of the *straticchi*, or over rich, and are even there insufferably bad. They are, perhaps, right in their fear of strong wines, as there is no doubt that all strong liquors are more prejudicial to the health in hot countries than in cold. But good and evil are more complicated than we are, at first sight, disposed to admit, and the dangers of acid may, perhaps, be set against those of alcohol.

To return to Italian wines, and to the Tuscan in particular, nothing is more delicious than what is in that country called the *vino usuale di Firenze*, and which in Florence, when good, and two years old, seldom costs more than two-pence a bottle. This I should prefer even to the *Montepulciano*, termed by Redi, the King of Wines, and, indeed, to all the others specified in his di-

thyrambics. But neither those of the first, or even of a secondary description, will bear carriage; and the Tuscan wine, whether drunk in Rome or in London, has a taste perfectly distinct from what it has in Florence. I was assured, by all of whom I inquired on this subject, that the wine exported was universally *governato*—a term which, in Florentine, corresponds with our expression of doctored. The worst property is its extreme delicacy, already exemplified in its not bearing carriage. This is, indeed, such, that if you take the oil from the top of the flask which contains it, and leave it open for an hour, the nectar becomes absolutely vapid.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TRAVELS IN ASIATIC TURKEY.

Observations on a Journey from Constantinople to Brussa and Mount Olympus, and thence back to Constantinople by the way of Nice and Nicomedia. By Joseph von Hammer. Published at Pest.

THE MOSQUES OF BRUSSA.

(Continued.)

M. Von Hammer describes the other mosques in the order of their founders; but we cannot accompany him through all the details into which he enters. The oldest of these edifices is the Mosque of *Orkhan*, the second Sultan of the Osmans and the conqueror of Brussa. This Mosque, which stands within the castle, and which has singularly resisted the ravages of time and conflagrations, is now shut up and abandoned.

The Mosque of the son and successor of Osman, namely, *Murad I.*, stands on the west side of the town, in the quarter of the Old Baths. The architect was a Frank, and it has this peculiarity, that a College is included in the same building. A hawk well sculptured in stone, is placed on one of the arches, but the ingenuity of the workmanship is not sufficient to satisfy the *Believers*. They must have a miracle added. The story is, that a hawk belonging to Murad I. having flown to this spot, he in vain called it to him. Finding that he could not prevail on it to return, he wished "that it might sit there for ever." The obstinate hawk was immediately converted into stone, and remains there as a warning against disloyalty and disobedience.

"The Mosque of Sultan *Bajilzet Yadirim* is picturesquely situated at the eastern extremity of the town, remote from any other building; the architecture is simple; it has only one door and one minaret. This, as well as the great Mosque, was left unfinished by Bajazet. The completion of these and many other great works, was interrupted by the battle of Angora, which he lost, and with it his liberty, for he died the prisoner of Timour. Near the Mosque is the Sultan's sepulchre, equally solitary and detached.

"The Mosque of Sultan Mohammed the First, in respect to the completeness of the building, the costliness of the marble imi-

tations, and the tasteful carved and engraved ornaments, is certainly the finest in the Osmanic Empire. Many oriental travellers pronounce it to be the most beautiful in the world, but probably they never saw that master-piece of Arabian architecture, the Mosque of *Cordova*, nor the great Persian Mosques of the Moguls at *Agra* and *Dehli*. It is, however, unquestionably a perfect jewel of Saracen architecture. It has not, like other Mosques, a court-yard, with a colonnade, but immediately opposite to the entrance there is a simple terrace of white marble. The walls are covered externally with pieces of red, green, blue, yellow, black, and white marble, which at a distance give it the appearance of inlaid variegated mosaic work. The ornaments of the window frames and door reach to the gable of the front, and consist of Arabian inscriptions, which are so exquisitely carved and polished, that the characters seem to be formed of reflecting metal. But the finest part of the whole edifice is the door itself, which, from the redundancy and delicacy of its rich sculpture, excites the astonishment of the beholder. The founder devoted no less than three years to its completion, and expended on it forty thousand ducats. Above the entrance the name of the founder is inscribed, as follows, in gold characters, on an azure ground:—*Sultan Mohammed I. the son of Sultan Bajazet I. the son of Sultan Murad I.* The splendour and taste of this structure, fully justifies the name of *Tschelebi*, which the Osmanic historians apply to Sultan Mohammed; the meaning of this word is something between the French *petit-maitre* and the English *gentleman*, and does not entirely correspond either with the German *Junger Herr* or *Edler Junker*. At the entrance of the Mosque, beneath the choir, over which the Sultan's upper Mosque is placed, the spectator is agreeably surprised by the *chiaro-scuro* effect of the glittering pottery with which the walls are covered. The Mosaic formed of this pottery, or rather of Persian porcelain, represents two large green curtains, with a basket of flowers in the centre. The Mosque consists of three great rotundas, of which one forms the centre of the building, and the others the two wings. In the great Mosque in the city, which was completed by Sultan Mohammed, the pillars were gilt to the height of five or six feet; and in this building the walls are covered with blue Persian porcelain, with inscriptions from the Koran in white enamel. The *Mihral*, or niche in which the Koran is deposited, and which supplies the place of the European altar, is formed of red marble, richly ornamented with sculpture, so that its artificial splendour it fully corresponds with the opposite door. This Mosque, together with the tomb of the founder, in its vicinity, is commonly called *Yeshil Imaret* or the *green edifice*, because the minarets and cupolas were formerly covered with green Persian porcelain, so that when the sun shone they appeared like colonnades and domes of

glittering emerald. Being situated on a little eminence, it commands a view of the surrounding country, and the Mosque itself, which is one of the most striking ornaments of the city of Brussa, may be seen from every point."

Between the Mosques of Sultans Mohammed I. and Bajazet I. there is an uncovered praying place, which from its beauty is deserving of particular notice. Within the walls there are some fine plane-tree plantations, and a delightful fountain, the water of which is so excellent, that it is conveyed as far as Constantinople.

The Mosque of Sultan Murad II. gives its name to a little suburb on the west side of Brussa. It is a spacious building, surrounded by mausoleums, chapels, schools, a dépôt for merchandise (*Khan*), and a kitchen for the poor (*Inaret*) with gardens and vineyards. The *Mihrab* and *Minber* (altar and pulpit,) the *Mahfil* for the Prayer-proclaimer and the Sultan (alcove and oratory) are in the old simple style of architecture. From the inscription it appears to have been built in the year 850, or 1495 of the Christian era. The plane-trees with which the edifice is surrounded seem to vie with the loftiness of its minarets.

Emir Sultan's Mosque, which stands on an eminence, was destroyed by fire at the commencement of the present century, and rebuilt by Sultan Selim III. It gives its name to the suburb in which it is situated.

The Mosque of *Molla Arab Jebbari* is built on the model of the great Mosque, but on a reduced scale. It stands on rising ground, and commands a fine prospect.

The Mosque of *Kadi Khudawendhier*, or the Judge Sultan Murad I. is situated in the suburb of *Chehirdsheh*; it is shaded by majestic trees, which rise as high as its cupolas. The pillars which support its arched avenues are collected from ancient ruins. They are formed of marble of various colours, and are ranged without any uniformity in regard to the various orders of architecture.

"The Mosque of Uftadi Efendi, as well as that of Sultan Orchan, stands within the castle; and, at some distance from the town, on the declivity of Olympus, is the Mosque built by Mufti *Abdullah*, which is remarkable for the fine prospect it commands, and likewise for having been the residence of the great Turkish poet *Molla Khosreff*, who, amidst the groves and fountains of Olympus, sang his romantic poem of *Khorru* and *Sherin* in competition with the great Persian poet *Nisami*."

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS, FOR JANUARY 1819.

(Continued.)

II. The inedited Correspondence of Abbé Ferd. Galiani with Madame d'Epinay, Baron d'Holbach, &c.

M. Daunou observes, that Galiani is so celebrated for his Dialogues on the Corn trade, published at Paris in 1770, that his correspondence cannot but excite the curiosity of men of letters. But though these

letters contain some interesting passages, especially remarks on the dramatic art, which he had particularly studied, on fatalism, religion, incredulity, ambition, ennui, education, on Cicero, Louis XIV. and other celebrated persons, yet these two volumes are on the whole very futile, and if any service has been done by their publication, it is certainly not to the memory of Galiani, who paints himself in colours that do him little honour; an egotist by character and system; actuated in all the relations of life by the grossest self-interest; laughing at his own doctrine and those who think it profound, whereas, says he, "it is hollow, and there is nothing in it," yet foaming with rage against those who contradicted it, loading them with insults and calumnies, denouncing them as seditious, and seriously complaining that they are not sent to the Bastille; exercising himself, beyond all bounds, freedom of ideas, and sometimes of expression, yet recommending the most rigid intolerance; and who, when charged at Naples with the censure of the drama, beginning by prohibiting the performance of *Tartuffe*; lastly, boasting of admitting no other policy than "pure Machiavellism, sans mélange, cru, vert, dans toute sa force, dans toute son Apreté."

which is in the Magliabecchi library, and of which Vasari made so much use. M. Küter, Secretary to the Hanoverian Legation here, has published a small but sensible Essay "On Imitation in Painting," which is in fact directed against Goethe's much talked of Essay. As things now stand, all the productions of us moderns, in sculpture and painting, are merely imitation. The difference is, whether the imitation be ingenious or affected, or both together. Though solid objections may be made to many single positions in this Essay, yet in the main point all unprejudiced persons will probably agree. The Essay, since it has been made known in Rome, has excited a great deal of controversy, both for and against it. This is very well, for nowhere is a Concordia fidei less desirable than in the Arts. We expect with impatience the Protestant Chaplain to the Prussian Legation, at the head of which Niebuhr excites the admiration of the Romans themselves by his learning and his wisdom in study. It is, however, doubtful whether the propensity of the Protestant artists to turn to the Catholic religion, as the more poetical, will be checked by it. The skilful and generally esteemed portrait painter Vogel, from Dresden, a pensioner of the King of Saxony, has now gone over, the thirteenth artist, as nearly as we can reckon, who within a few years has deserted the religion of his fathers.

The works in Thorwaldsen's magnificently arranged gallery are carrying on with great activity. The orders for the Crown Prince of Bavaria naturally take place of all others. Thorwaldsen is now working with great zeal on the history of our Saviour, which is intended for a new church to be built opposite the Glyptotheca at Munich. Nothing can be seen more perfect than Thorwaldsen's *Mercury*, which, as his best work, must constitute an era in the art. Except the head, the whole bears so unequivocally the stamp of original genius, that it is evident the artist had before his eyes, in general, only the unalterable law of ancient sculpture.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ROME.

A letter from Rome, of January, after a tirade against the British, who, expecting a second Verdun, had crowded thither from France, says, these people may, however, be used to fill up subscriptions. Thus Her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire, who is highly respected here, and gives ample employment to many artists, has succeeded in persuading many of her countrymen to subscribe 500 scudi for a share in the enterprise proposed by the Jew Naro for searching the bed of the Tiber for antiquities; and what long appeared doubtful, is now pretty certain, namely, that the 60,000 scudi, at which the expense is estimated, will be subscribed.

We have now here near ninety German artists and amateurs.

Great preparations are making for painting the Villa Massimi. It will positively begin next Spring. Philip Veit has undertaken the hall of Dante, Julius Schnorr that of Ariosto. The old Florentine School daily grows more into favour here, and the publications after it are multiplied. La-simo (the father) has published the paintings of the Campo Santo at Pisa, of which he is Conservator, from drawings made by his son. The Fresco paintings in the church del Carmine, in Santa Croce, and Maria Novella, at Florence, are now going to be published in the same manner, which is here a subject of great joy; but the whole has been managed in a very superficial and negligent way. Baron Von Rumohr is publishing at Florence, the life of Lorenzo Ghiberti,

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 12.

At a congregation on Wednesday last, the Rev. Samuel Lee, of Queen's College, was admitted Master of Arts by royal mandate. Henry Milnes Thornton, and Wm. Pace, of Trinity College, were admitted Masters of Arts.—The Rev. Henry Mearns, of Merton College, Oxford, admitted M.A. ad eundem.

The Rev. George Wyatt, of St. John's College, and William Church, of Emmanuel College, were on the same day admitted Bachelors in Civil Law.

The Rev. Samuel Lee, M.A. of Queen's College, was yesterday elected Professor of Arabic, on the resignation of the Rev. John Palmer, B.D. of St. John's College.

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The French Academy has chosen a member in the room of the late Abbé Morelet. The number of members present on the occasion amounted to 38. In the first scrutinizing the votes were distributed as follows: M. d'Arlincourt, 1; M. Davrigny, 2; M. Azais, 1; M. Bouvet de Cressé, 1; the Abbé de Bradt, 1; M. Firmin Didot, 6; M. de Wally, 9; M. Lemontey, 12. The following was the result of the second scrutiny: M. d'Arlincourt, 1; M. Firmin Didot, 2; M. de Wally, 9; M. Lemontey, 21. M. Lemontey was accordingly proclaimed one of the forty members of the Academy.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANIES.

A German Journal states that the celebrated Dr. Chladni, the inventor of the Clavicylinder, and the instrument called the *Euphonion*, is at present at Vienna, where he intends giving lectures on the nature of acoustics, or the theory of sound. He also proposes to explain his system respecting meteoric stones, which he regards as mere heterogeneous masses, and absolutely foreign to our globe and its atmosphere.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

No. 14. Shylock. *John Jackson*, R.A. This portrait, for we must call it so, has great merit as a composition and piece of colouring. We think it one of Mr. Jackson's best pictures, but at the same time the expression of the character and in the passage quoted from Shakespeare is insufficient. The eye is quite out of drawing—the face is very nearly a profile, and, consequently, this organ, in our judgment, not within the perspective assigned to it.

No. 32. Saltash on the Tamer. *G. Turner*. One of those pictures of which we would say it is almost too carefully painted. It has thus become rather monotonous in colour. Time will, however, improve its tone.

No. 44. Osmington Shore, near Weymouth. *J. Constable*. This is not a happy performance, but a sketch of barren sand without interest. It is very unlike the Artist's other pleasing works of home scenery.

No. 52. Landscape, Cattle, and Figures. *E. Childe*. We think this a clever, clear, and brilliant picture. The Artist has several interiors of great beauty, and fully supports his reputation by the present exhibition.

No. 107. Waterfall in Cuckfield Park, Sussex. *Charles James Scott*. A picture of some promise, though rather sombre in its character and colour. As we imagine he is a young exhibitor, we trust this public expression of a very favourable opinion of his talent, will cheer him on.

No. 113. The Life Guards charging the Cuirassiers at Waterloo. *W. Findlater*. This is a small work, but touched with infinite spirit and accuracy.

No. 122. Dead Game. *B. Blake*. A little cabinet gem, exquisitely finished.

No. 128. Game at Put. *S. Woodin, jun.* A Flemish-looking picture, of considerable merit.

No. 141. Bridge Scene, composition. *S. Palmer*.—142. View at Southgate, near Bath. *Miss Palmer*. The former is a good composition, and the latter a fine mellow-toned, well pencilled performance, doing much honour to a female hand.

No. 144. Coast Scene. *Charles Deane*. A fair specimen to select for notice of this Artist's works. It is very clear and pleasing, but there is so great a similarity in these coast scenes, that we cannot specify any distinguishing feature.

No. 181. A View of the Sisters. *James Ward*, R.A. This is, in our opinion, an attempt to paint the effect of a setting sun which is bold in conception, but a failure in execution. It is impossible to produce it without a much stronger opposition than has been resorted to. The view of the Reculvers, in the foreground, is very accurate and pretty.

No. 194-5. Views. *G. Fox*. Highly pleasing and picturesque studies.

No. 129. Jeremiah, &c. *T. Christmas*. We mention this great work principally on account of its size and situation. Perhaps the conception is not bad, but -- were it only drawn and coloured with ability proportioned to its bulk, it might be good for something.

No. 230-3. View, Isle of Wight,—and Boy and Cattle. *J. Burnett*. These possess much merit; while another picture, (103) by the same hand, possesses very little, being hard and glittering. The Boy and Cattle is, on the contrary, exceedingly *Cupish*.

No. 240. Second attempt at Composition. *Miss Blakewell*. As a second attempt this is a very creditable performance. It wants some gray and cooling tints, but certainly warrants high expectations from the third and subsequent attempts.

No. 249. Our Saviour, &c. *John King*. This is better coloured than the Jeremiah—we are sorry we can add nothing else.

No. 253. *Puff and Dart*, a provincial game. *T. Clater*. This is a vulgar game, in which a fellow is blowing a dart through a tube at a mark in the wall of an alehouse. The execution is on a level with the subject.

No. 255. From Horace. *J. O. Tudor*. A remarkably fine composition, with a beautiful effect of light upon the clouds. It gives the author in a form at once classical and pleasing.

No. 5, 210, 215. Views, and Interior of a Cow-House. *J. Stark*. In taking a general view of this Artist's works, along with our recollections of his performances in the last Exhibition of the British Gallery, we see every reason to congratulate him on the continued and increased reputation of his pencil. This Interior of a Cow-House,

No. 215, is well detailed, and, as far as subjects of this kind will admit, is made interesting by the truth and character which belong to the scene.—Sailing Match, No. 210. A very lively and pleasing view, which character is kept up throughout the piece; the return of the vessels with their broad spread of sail, is happily contrasted by the figures on shore. It has altogether a Flemish aspect, with a little more finery.—Grove Scene, No. 5. is a beautiful little study, in which we see the con amore pencil of the artist.

No. 81. Mother and Child. *Mrs. W. Carpenter*. We cannot pass over this performance (although it does not properly belong to the School of Design,) without great commendation of its merit in point of colouring: the flesh is painted with truth and delicacy, and with a little more freedom in casting the drapery, it would have possessed a fair title to that character which claims admission here in opposition to portrait,—at least as much so as many other Madonnas.

SIR JOHN LEICESTER'S GALLERY.

This distinguished resort was opened by its liberal owner on Monday last, and presented to numerous visitors an admirable display of British talent. The room is much altered and improved since last year, and is indeed a sumptuous abode, worthy the forms of art which people it, and the living gazers who throng to admire the efforts of genius, which many of them have only learnt to prize from seeing them so splendidly displayed. We shall not at present enter into any detailed description of the pictures which adorn this gallery;—we would rather draw attention to the principle of their exhibition, and to the results that must be produced by the example of a private gentleman, literally princely in this respect, if followed by others of the same class in society. Were this done, a demand for the higher works of art in England would be created far more than sufficient to counterbalance the want of that encouragement which our religion refuses to bestow upon church ornament, and which our palaces and public places so very scantily afford. We can conceive no more powerful boon to artists, nor any means so powerfully calculated to raise our native school to the pinnacle of glory. These rooms prove that it is not ability, but patronage, that we lack, to rival the greatest works of any age or country. Turner's Sea-Beach, and Hilton's Europa, show us contemporaries equal to the highest contention; while Reynolds, Wilson, Romney, Opie, speak trumpet-tongued for the dead, who never enjoyed those opportunities, nor that favour, now extended to the fine arts. May both increase till we have nothing to express but feelings of pleasure and admiration!

EXHIBITION: EGYPTIAN HALL.

It will be recollect that about two years ago, a lioness, which had escaped from a snowman's caravan, attacked the horses of the Exeter Mail, and, besides frightening

the passengers, lacerated one of the animals very much. This has been made the subject of a painting by Mr. Mathew Wyatt, which is now exhibited in one of the lower rooms of Mr. Bullock's Museum. The picture represents the lioness having sprung up, seizing one of the leaders by the throat, and clinging to her prey, with her hind-claws in the shoulder. The terrified creature raises its head to the utmost, and seems horror-struck; while its fellows are plunging in dread and confusion. The Inn is in the distance, and persons running in dismay in every direction. The scenery is taken from the spot, as are the animals, including the lioness, horse, and a dog, which ultimately helped to save the rest, from nature. The picture is disposed in a panoramic way, and the spectator looks at it from a darkened room. By this means a still stronger deceptive appearance is given to one of the most surprising effects of light that was ever produced. The Keeper arrives with a lantern to rescue those in peril, and from this proceeds the principal light, which is literally so vivid as to seem real. It is powerfully reflected on the fur of the lion, and visible even in the breath of the horses, where the utmost truth accompanies that misty brightness so commonly seen in vapour of any kind under a similar glare. Altogether the piece is very extraordinary for the quality we have mentioned, and so perfect a deception as to forbid credibility in any account of its force, without ocular demonstration. Considering it as a great curiosity, we recommend it to public attention, for we are sure that without seeing it no one would believe that such a magical splendour could be obtained from mere colours on canvas. We have seen the best works of Wright of Derby, and of Schalcken, but none of them can bear the slightest comparison with this, which is the more remarkable, as the artist is little known as a painter, and not at all as having made such subjects his study. His blaze therefore literally bursts upon us like an unexpected flame by night.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[Literary Gazette.]

TO —

Farewell!—you have banished me then
From my home, and the language of men
Must come foreign and chill to my heart—
But you scorned—and 'twas time to depart.

I go, like the shadow that flies,
When night and her darknesses rise,
And there is not a star in the sky
To fight me on—even to die.

You have slighted me (cruel!) and yet
I cannot disdain or forget,
For in hate you still keep your control,
And it lies like a chain on my soul.

And now for the storm and the breeze,
And the music that lives on the seas,
And the ever-green valleys that lie
(Midst the Alps) in the smile of the sky.

I shall stand on the mountains, and shout
To the stars as they wander about,
And perhaps they may stop at my call—
But Thou wilt be brighter than all.

Oh! then why do I strive to remove
Thee? I lived on the thought of thy love
Once, and ever must think ('tis my fate)
Of Thee—the' I think of thy hate.

Farewell! Thou hast struck in thy pride
A heart that for Thee would have died,
And I bear the reproach, as I go,
Of filling thy bosom with wo.

No matter—I have (and 'tis well)
A spirit that nothing shall quell,
And I know that, whatever my doom,
The laurel must spring from my tomb.

1817. [B.]

[By Correspondents.]
To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,

In looking over the papers of a young friend lately dead, who left me his executor, I found some poems and an incomplete Tragedy. I wish to introduce them to the world, in the hope of vindicating to my friend some portion of its remembrance, and I know of no better mode than to take the liberty of sending them to your interesting publication. There is a little history about this unfortunate young person. He was a scholar, and I think, a poet; shortly after his leaving Oxford, he paid some attentions to a woman rather his superior in rank, by whom, I am afraid, they were too thoughtlessly encouraged. Difficulties arose on the part of the lady's family, and in the result my friend's feeble constitution was impaired. He went to Lisbon, struggled for a while with consumption, and died.

The Tragedy was the occupation of his illness, and he left it in fragments, and as yet unfit for representation. The subject is domestic, and the present extract seems to have been written with some impression of the events which were then hurrying him to the grave.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
THOMAS HORNSBY.

Great Windsor.

SCENE—A CLOISTER.

FATHER FRANCIS AND DORIA.

They are coming from a Confessional.

Doria. Father! There's one sin yet, if 'tis a sin,
Left unconfessed!—

F. Fran. I know it, Penitent.
'Tis written in the waneness of your cheek,
In the unsettled lustre of your eye,
Even in the wandering tresses of your hair,—
'Tis love!

D. Oh, never mortal lov'd like me.

F. Look on my face, young Doria.—Now, I speak

In dear remembrance of your noble father,
Not as a monk, but man,—as friend with friend.
Am I a ruin, mouldering in this gloom,
Life and the world exchanged to me in youth
For walls in which I daily see my grave?

If you will ask the cause, 'twas blighted love.

D. Oh, but your mistress could not be like mine;

You lived in courts, she was some courtly thing,
Vain of her birth, her beauty, or her gold.
Father, you must see mine!

F. She had a form
As fair as ever angel wore in Heaven.

D. But had that form a heart, good Father?
None!

F. That's miserable!—
Oh! had she a heart!

She had been—! But you see my fount of tears
Is not yet dry.—Doria! how soon, like me,
You'd give the whole wide world to be at peace,
And once escaped, forswear the name of love.

D. But she I love is true!

F. And so are all,—
Till they are tried.

D. But she has breathed such vows,
Pledged all her hopes in Earth and Heaven to
wed me.

F. You vex me, Boy! Where are your boundless means

To feed her pride? Where are your host of slaves
In gold and scarlet, to attend—her Grace?
I see no prancing barbs, no chariots gilt,
No noble levee waiting at your gates
To hail her morning beauty. Go, fond fool,
Women must have these things, or they grow cold!

D. But those are things she loves not. My sweet flower

Is liker far the violet than the rose,
Or like the rose just peeping from its leaf;
My bud of beauty!—she loves loneliness,
Making her sweet companion of her lute,
Or with her pencil waking glorious forms,
Or from her pen distilling delicate thoughts,
That yet bring sudden crimson to her cheek,
And ending days thus spent, with thanksgiving.

F. This life were miracle. The tale's not true!
D. Father, I've witnessed it—these two long years.

How many an eve, I've seen—myself unseen,
Screen'd in the curtain of the drooping vine
That hung her western casement, like the bower
Of some divinity, that splendid brow,
And never purer lily saw the sun.

Turned upward from her closing book on heaven,
Like a commissioned angel, that, his task
So far being done, looked up in grateful prayer
To where its holy heart was, and its wing
Must by its native motion soon ascend.

F. Well, marry! and be both undone together.

D. Sir! you're stern to me—your gentle heart
Has here been scarr'd, and lost its natural touch,
But if there's truth in woman's whitest breast,
In eyes of crystal tears, that on it fall,

Like rain-drops on the bosom of the swan;
If beauty's colours, chasing o'er the cheek,
That turns away, ashamed of its own blush,
Till the red rose has left the pale one there;
If words half uttered, smiles, dissolving swift
As sunbeams broken in a summer stream;
If sighs involuntary, trembling hands,
That shrink from my least touch, as if 'twere fire;
If these, and more, ten thousand little signs
Words were not made to tell, can give the beat
Of the true golden harmony of love,
The maiden loves me!—

F. Well, then—marry her!
Risk more than I had risked, and suffer more.

You melt me. But I see you are undone.
Try the last malice Heaven has stored for man!
Want has a dungeon where your fever's cure,
However slow, is certain. Marry, Boy!
And bind yourself to luxury. Set wide
Your doors, and summon madness to your feast;
Enjoy a moment,—till the lights grow dim,
Till the plumed, gilded rabble, men call friends,
Have left the beggar in his lonely halls;
Then, sick and surfeited, turn to your bride,
See her mask gone, and find you clasp—Despair.

BIOGRAPHY.

GEORGE HENRY HARLOW.

The introduction to a memoir of the dead may be said to resemble that apparatus of plumes which is borne before the hearse—there is more of pomp than of grief in the nodding feathers, more of art than of feeling in the laboured composition. But as we sit down to our present task under emotions of painful regret, we trust we shall be excused for dispensing with an accustomed ceremony, and proceeding at once to our subject.

George Henry Harlow, whose premature and lamentable death has excited so strong and general a sympathy, was born in St. James' Street, London, on the 10th of June 1787. His father, who had been many years in China, and ten a resident of Canton, in the exercise of commercial pursuits, died in the preceding month of February, so that George had the early misfortune to be a posthumous child. Thus upon his mother, a wife at the age of fifteen, and a widow at the age of 27, devolved the heavy charge of six infants, of whom five were females, and the last alone a boy. It may easily be conceived how precious such a boy must have been to a parent so left to buffet with the world's business and cares. And it does appear that the deepest anxiety for his future welfare was ever one of the most governing passions of her life. With laudible foresight, and to induce habits of discipline and diligence in one without the control of a father, George was, when very young, sent to the school of Dr. Barrow, in Soho Square. Thence he was removed to the academy of Mr. Roy, in Burlington Street; and in these two places received, we believe, all the scholastic education of which he was ever master:—What literary improvement he afterwards made being entirely his own.

While at Mr. Roy's, that irresistible predilection for the art in which he became so distinguished, which had evinced itself almost from the cradle, acquired an ascendancy so entirely engrossing his mind, as to lead him to despise or neglect other occupations, and fill his mother with uneasiness and alarm. Unhappy at the idea of her son devoting himself to a profession so exceedingly precarious as that of an artist, she sought advice from a friend of the family, Mr. Rush. To this gentleman it was explained, that George, when only five years old, was never without the pencil in his hand;—that when the rest went to the theatre, or to other amusements, his sole delight was to be left at home with implements for drawing, and permission to use them;—that his ceaseless prayer to his sister (the only one of the five who now survives,) whose early taste and love of the art was similar to his own, and who had the advantage of being eight, nine, and ten, years old, when he was but five, six, and seven, was to furnish him with examples for the exercise of his talent; that, in short, drawing, and nothing but drawing, occu-

pied his thoughts, and fired his soul—his pleasant toil by day, and his dream by night. Mr. Rush listened to this exposition, and gave at once the advice of a prudent man, and the aid of a true friend. He was not misled by that scrawling propensity which is an imitative faculty inherent in almost all children, but neither would he oppose a bent of genius apparently as natural as it was powerful, and as real as it was strong. His counsel was, not to dissuade the boy from his favourite pursuit, but to afford him a fair trial, in order to ascertain if his love of the art was worth cultivating—or, in other words, if, instead of being a freak of immature judgment, it had its roots so deep as to defy every effort at removal, and stamina so vigorous as to promise endurance amidst all the pains and difficulties to which the studies and the labours of an artist are exposed. Of this experiment he took the expense upon himself, and George was, to his infinite satisfaction, consigned as a student for one year to the instruction of M. De Cort. M. De Cort, such of our readers as are intimate with the arts of that period, will remember, was a painter of views, portraits, and occasionally of animals. His pencil was minute, and his pictures generally laboured and hard, but his peculiar habits were far from being ill calculated for a beginner, who must be initiated into all the toils of detail.

Young Harlow's progress justified the anticipations of those who deemed that his attachment to the arts flowed from a decided and innate spirit born with him. From De Cort he went for twelve months to study under Mr. Drummond, whose manner, with all its imperfections, combining great breadth and effect, must have tended very essentially to form the basis of his pupil's future excellence. During this period, so ardent was he in the search of knowledge, so greedy of improvement, that he absolutely resisted every effort to seduce him into the amusements generally so acceptable at his time of life. He was indefatigable, and from morning till night to be found in his room, drawing from plaster casts, and using every means by which a facility of execution and correctness of idea could be attained. Latterly we have heard it observed, that Harlow did not seem to study much, but to produce his works from an intuitive feeling and apprehension of what was beautiful. We do not deny him this exquisite tact, but had he not laboured in his younger days in the manner we have related, there is no principle in human nature which could ever have borne him to the felicity of style and eminence that belong to his later works. Much, indeed, will that artist or poet find himself mistaken, who expects to arrive at perfection by the aid of some intellectual accomplishment latent in himself, without the drudgery of long and incessant cultivation. While with Drummond, the scholar, who had soon outstripped his master, became impressed with an enthusiastic admiration of Mr. (now Sir Thomas) Lawrence. The productions of

that gentleman were the theme of his boundless panegyrics, and he longed to be like him, with all that intensity of desire which belongs to aspiring genius. His mother was now reconciled to the fate to which her son seemed predestined, and as he *must* be an artist, was resolved that, if possible, he should lose no opportunity of being a great one. With her youthful painter as a companion, she made the tour of all the principal artists in London, inspected their galleries, and minutely examined their various styles. But Lawrence was the first and last in the estimation of Harlow at that period, and, rejecting the valuable appointment of writership to India, he was given up entirely to the profession of his choice. Mr. Lawrence was applied to, and consented to receive him as a pupil, by which phrase meant, that he would, for the payment of a hundred guineas annually, allow him free access to his house at 9 o'clock in the morning, and to copy his pictures till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but give no instructions of any kind. Accordingly, Harlow prosecuted this course for about eighteen months, and worked with uncommon diligence, in adding, by dint of imitation, the grace and flowing outline of his new master, to the minute finish and broad manner of his two antecedent preceptors. But in this portion of his career, we have reason to think he was little advanced by any advice on the part of Mr. Lawrence, who, on the contrary, refrained from pointing out the errors into which he might fall, and generally contented himself, when the copy of a portrait was shewn to him, with the approving expression of "Very well;" which, though kind and encouraging, was not so much calculated to answer the best of purposes, as candid opinion and discriminating remark would have been. Nevertheless, our student rapidly ascended the steps which lead to the Temple of Immortality. In his very childhood he would, when pressed to relinquish the Arts as unprofitable, exclaim, "*Mother, I do not want riches, I intend to paint for fame and glory!*"—and now fame and glory appeared within his grasp, at the end of that long vista of struggle through which a noble ambition must march to its object.

The whole life of this young man was of the same character, and we dwell upon it, as a lesson to all who aspire to distinction in the arts, especially as there was an outward semblance almost of frivolity about him, which induced in many the erroneous opinion that he was not a ceaseless observer of nature, and of all those accidents and effects which talent combines, when the moment comes for employing them, to give perfection to its works. Let none lay the flattering unction to their bosoms, that one who could do what Harlow has done was either an idle scholar or a careless spectator of what could contribute to the formation of master-strokes of art. No, his mind was, and must have been, as constantly employed on the grand purpose he had in view, as his breast burned with the hope of renown. Like Hamlet, his appearance and

conversation might be very dissimilar to those of a person engaged on one great design; but still that design was the be all and the end all here—the gist of his soliloquies—the vision of his private hours—the theme into which all his reflections resolved—the source of his passions—the centre of his existence—the sole aim of his being.

Mr. Harlow never studied at the Royal Academy. He said that he could do more at home, where his attention was undivided, than, even with all the advantages offered there, in the midst of so many others to distract it. To this opinion, however, we cannot altogether subscribe, as, though fancy and imagination may be better cherished in loneliness, yet emulation and correctness are the invaluable fruits which ability must reap from attendance at the Academy.

At the period of which we have been speaking, when Harlow was with Mr. Lawrence, he was only about fifteen years of age, and unquestionably displayed a capacity of the highest order, the complete development of which was only prevented by death. Till this fatal event took place, the extraordinary promise of his infancy and youth (an hereditary promise it may be called, for both his parents cultivated a fine taste for the arts, as is witnessed by some beautiful drawings still in the possession of their family)—till this fatal event, we repeat, his progressive conquest of the difficulties between him and the foremost place, is so distinctly marked, that we may affirm that, far as he had reached, he was yet only in the bud and blossoming of those powers which in a few years would have filled up the measure of his fame with a delighted world.

He seems to have inspired his affectionate mother with his own ardour. Though an invalid, and long confined to her chamber, yet when she heard that the house of Mr. Hamilton in Dean Street, every way fitted for the accommodation of a painter, was to be let, she secured it for her son, and, quitting her abode in Queen Street, Mayfair, was removed thither, and for a year and a half initiated him into the science of housekeeping—a science in which, we fear, few men of genius acquire any great proficiency, and therefore little was to be expected from a lad of seventeen. Thence Mrs. H. retired into the country, leaving an old domestic in charge of these mysteries, and one daughter, of two remaining, who alternately resided with their brother. She died soon after, in 1809, at the age of 49: and the first drawing which Mr. Harlow exhibited in Somerset House was her likeness—a sweet and pleasing performance, in which may be traced a striking resemblance between the artist and the object of his affectionate portraiture. It is a curious reflection, that a child who arrives at high celebrity as an artist, thus painting a parent, repays, in some degree, the gift of mortal existence, by bestowing immortality on the giver.

Yet though his first public essay was a portrait, and his first introduction to notice, as

we shall immediately relate, was a portrait, and his chief means in life lay in portrait painting, and much of his fame will rest on some of these productions, matchless in their kind, Mr. Harlow never had any pre-dilection for this branch of the art. His wish was to ground himself thoroughly in the theory of his profession, and when master of that to dash at some glorious enterprise. That he might live and pursue this honourable object with sufficient chance of success, he painted portraits, but no sordid motive ever mixed one colour on his pallet, or flattered one feature in a sitter's face. All who knew him can bear testimony to the joyful alacrity with which he always abandoned the acquisition of gain for the chase of glory, nay even for the indulgence of his exquisite pencil in the mere sportive ebullitions which have enriched the cabinets of many admiring friends. Indeed his spirit soared above the trading part of the profession of an Artist, and we will venture to say, that he never executed a picture for mere profit, without experiencing that disgust which has rendered all such productions inferior to those upon which he entered with the enthusiasm of free-will or liberality.

As it is our purpose rather to trace the Artist than the individual, we will now briefly mention such matters as illustrate this subject. During his whole life, it was Mr. Harlow's custom to sketch at the moment every thought that occurred to him and seemed deserving of being so embodied. He thus accumulated portfolios of treasures—the materials for almost every emergency. A practice of collecting, and, as it were, realizing ideas in this way, cannot be too much recommended either to artists or authors.

His first historical piece was Bolingbroke's entry into London, which was never exhibited. The first which was exhibited at the Royal Academy, was the quarrel between Elizabeth and her favourite Essex, in which Majesty so far forgot itself as to strike a subject. This picture was in the possession of Mr. Thomas, of the Grove, Epsom, an early patron of the artist's; but what has become of it, and many other pictures by the same hand, since his death, is unknown to us. We believe they were sold, or otherwise dispersed, on his widow's going to reside abroad.

We do not remember any other subject in the higher walks of art, between this, which was painted ten or twelve years ago, and the Hubert and Prince Arthur which was at the British Institution Gallery about four years since. Indeed we apprehend, from Mr. Harlow's not retaining the Dean Street House, during about seven years of this era, and other circumstances, that he was under some shade of pecuniary difficulty and eclipse. It is a painful part of our task to allude to it, but biography, to be worth any thing, must be dictated by truth as well as regard.

This young man commenced his professional career at the age of sixteen! It may well be conceded that the experience he had

gathered in preceding years, occupied as we have described them, furnished him with a very trifling share of that knowledge, which is denominated worldly—some of it, we humbly think, pertaining to a worse world than even this which we inhabit. Can we wonder that he fell partially into those snares which beset all, and which even the prudent cannot avoid? Money, says as a necessary ingredient in the pursuit of his studies, was absolutely indifferent to Harlow, and of all men he was one the least likely to keep a steady balance between income and expenditure, instead of between expenditure and expectation. A course of heedlessness of this sort is not usually of long duration. The most thoughtless are soon brought to feel the horrors of being dependent—and dependent he is, in the worst kind of dependence, who owes debts which he cannot pay. To a man of those good feelings which constitute, or at least are seldom separated from genius, the situation is horrible. Honour is wounded in every nerve; distress is found to be disgrace; envy and calumny have a field congenial to them and bearing a ripe harvest;—death itself would be a blessing, compared with the life of misery which ensues. For it is not that the difficulty incurred in an hour, can be overcome by another hour of redoubled exertion. Groans of lengthened anguish must require every momentary folly;—every excess entails an age of suffering. What extravagance, or perchance only accident began, is perpetuated by legal harpies, who delight to feast upon the heart of struggling talent, a heart which, like that of Prometheus, supplies ever growing food to the vultures who prey upon it. The Attorneys of London have recently met to form a society for the exclusion of the infamous from their ranks:—it would be well, as they are entitled to the name of gentlemen, that they constituted among their most reputable members a court of honour, which should take cognizance of those multiplied oppressions too generally practised by their brethren, to the eternal disgrace of the profession, and great affliction of humanity. In the talons of such harpies, Mr. Harlow's miseries were aggravated and prolonged. His genius ever produced new funds, which only served to stop the cravings of one, while they brought on the hostilities of another. God pity the individual in such a situation—we shall make no record of errors so severely punished. For a very short period previous to his decease, he may be considered as having surmounted these trials; but the constitution of a Hercules cannot resist the constant irritation, the shocks, the humiliations, and the pangs of such a life. A half-broken heart, a spirit but sustained by enthusiasm which masters a short oblivion of real cares in the pursuit of a phantom of imagination, a frame shattered and wrecked in the shoals of adversity, are not capable of supporting any further storm, and the first gale that blows consigns them to the grave.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

Second Series, No. VII.

ASSIGNATIONS: THE REGENT'S PARK.

Having to call in Portland Place, I strolled up St. James's Street and Bond Street; and, not finding my friend at home, I resolved to take a walk in the Regent's Park, and skim over a new publication I had picked up on my way. I accordingly bent my steps thither; and happened to pass an elderly gentleman walking hastily. His air was all impatience, and there was a simper of self-satisfaction in his countenance, which bordered on the ridiculous. His eyes seemed to say, "I am turned of fifty, and yet I can attract beauty and youth! how well I look for my age!"

I viewed him, and viewed him again and again, from the corner of my eye, whilst I appeared to be reading; I examined him from head to foot. I saw the lines of nobility in his features and in his person, but not an expression of passion. "This," said I to myself, "must be an assignation; and yet there is no love in this elderly trunk. There is even something interested instead of interesting in his appearance. His love seems to be regulated on a banking principle; for he neither looks flushed, heated, nor melancholy, at the delay, as if to balance one advantage with another. He came here with a quick step,—that was calculation; he has now slackened his pace,—that is moderation; he smiles and talks to himself,—that is anticipation."

At this moment a young lady under age arrived. She was deeply veiled; yet I knew her. She is a rich heiress. She seemed pleased to have a beau, from novelty: she is fitter for a boarding-school than for a bridal festival. I saw that I was right in all my prognostications. The elderly gentleman played the lover; but it was a mere rehearsal, nature was not of the party. Well, let them go: the poor lady is ill-matched, but I cannot help it.

How absurd is a declining lover—the altered shadow of a Cupid, which, like the reflection on a wall, as the sun is sinking in the horizon, looks preposterously elongated until it fades into nothing.—Another good lesson to me, never to play the lover.

I had scarcely lost sight of this couple, when a young man in the bloom of years arrived; his cheek crimsoned beyond nature's common blush, his veins swelling, his pace irregular, his eyes flashing fire, and broadly open to every object! he looked at me almost furiously. I saw that he was fearful of being too late; and he gave a glance of pity on my cold clay,—as much as to say, "Thou art a philosopher; but I came not to see thee, old man; it was my mistress that I expected to meet; I wish

thou wert out of the way; for 'Hang up philosophy, unless philosophy can make a Juliet.'

I withdrew to a little distance, and observed that he looked at his watch six times in two minutes. He now got his little walking-stick intangled in a hedge: he broke it precipitately, and cast it from him, evidently in the torment and agony of expectation and of anxious doubt. At length, a carriage arrived in sight. A lady leaped from it, and it drove away. She waved her handkerchief, took a slanting direction, and he followed her. She appeared to be about thirty: the youth might be about twenty. "Here," said I, "is disparity again!" He flew after her. "Well," thought I, "that white handkerchief is no flag of truce: the Estafette announces an ensuing engagement; perhaps one for life. This boy will be true to those colours for a time; but how long it is difficult to say. Fare ye well, ye lovers, of every age; I am not fit company for you."

At this moment a lovely form passed me, so close, that I run up against her. She started, and dropped a letter: I picked it up, and gave it to her. She trembled like the leaf agitated by that shivering breeze which is the forerunner of tempest: she dropped her veil over her diamond eyes, and glided precipitately from me. Yet I kept her in sight. The new publication had no part in my thoughts: they were fixed on the living book of life. I watched her attentively. She was all tremulous uncertainty, doubt, passion, and dismay. She read the letter again and again: doubtless, it bore the appointment. "Poor thing!" thought I to myself, "this is the first time; perhaps thy betrayer is at hand; I wish that I were thy brother or thy father; I wish that thou wouldst ask my advice, and claim my protection."

She now halted;—she looked wild,—she now again looked stately and triumphant;—she took the billet out of her bosom, tore it in pieces, and retreated precipitately. "Hurrah!" cried I, unable to contain myself; "thou art saved; reason has triumphed; bravo, resolution! May this fair creature ever be protected from a seducer's snares!"

Just as I concluded my ejaculation, an insipid looking Thing arrived; and, from his glass, examined on every side to see if any female were in view. He had the appearance of a hardened Rake, in whose unfeeling breast guilty passion had consumed the traces of honour and of sympathy, of pity and of devotion to the softer sex. He seemed disappointed and humiliated; then, angry and proud. "Aye, old fox," muttered I, "the dove is flown; thou hast lost thy prey; and if thou inquirest after her from me, I will set thee on a wrong scent." I could have turned dog, to have torn the reptile: I, however, had the satisfaction of seeing him walk for an hour in vain, and then retire in the greatest possible vexation. How I laughed! when I saw him thus duped. "One victim is spared," thought I; "and I have every reason, from

subsequent intelligence, to think that innocence escaped entirely on that occasion.

But it grows late; and it is time to leave the Regent's Park, for, so lively was the impression on my mind, that I seem to be there at this very moment, too much interested for

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

[*The Hoax, a sequel to this Paper, in our next.*]

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—On Saturday, Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*; an opera so much admired and so repeatedly acted last year, that there remains nothing in it for this year's criticism, except the notice of a change in some of the characters, Madame Bellochi replacing Fodor, and Angrisani, Naldi. The new Susanna did not please us as much as the original one, though infinitely superior both as a singer and an actress in general. But Mozart's Susanna and Zerlina seem composed for Fodor: she sings them best—Bellochi acts them best. It is in Rossini's music that her peculiar brilliancy of style is appropriately developed, as far as we have hitherto been able to judge. If Figaro loses a little of his impudent vivacity by the absence of his old representative, he gains considerably in his musical character by the voice of his new one,—a voice which (of its peculiar class,) for richness and depth of tone, we have never heard equalled. United with this gift, Angrisani possesses that of action: (his Masetto is unrivaled) and his Figaro will no doubt improve on his better acquaintance with it. The Countess was the Countess of last season, Miss Corri, but with this difference, that she sings with more spirit and intelligence than we have hitherto heard her. In the solos, she excelled herself; and in the duets, she excelled Madame Bellochi; that is, comparing not the artificial but natural talent of the parties: and we experienced the gratification of listening to fine English tones superior to fine Italian tones. If this young lady would but properly cultivate and exert the distinguished talent with which she is gifted, we might look to yet possessing a native singer who, if not unrivaled, would not easily be excelled. But towards this there is much to do, not alone in singing, but in acting, where Miss C. is particularly deficient, though rather it should seem from want of effort than of power.—Telemache was the Ballet, and Mentor watched, and Telemache flirted, and Eucharis languished, and Calypso groaned, and Cupid played tricks, and the Nymphs sported, as heretofore. We regret to say that the house was by no means well filled—farther we say not.

DRURY LANE.—THE DWARF OF NAPLES.—Not having noticed it previously, we, after seeing this performance, looked at the top of the bill to ascertain what it was called, for we were utterly at a loss to decide whether it pertained to the genus tra-

gedy, farce, opera, comedy, or melo-drama. We find it is a "Tragi-Comedy;" in other words, a mixture of dulness and folly. Connoisseurs talk of relief in pictures and plays, but here is relief with a vengeance; relief of pathos and bathos, of unnaturals and naturals (a raving madman contrasted with a parcel of idiots,) of rant and buffoonery, —of every kind but that which might operate in saving a spectator from the sight of much absurdity, and an auditor from the hearing of much nonsense. The Dwarf of Naples is the production of Mr. Soane, a writer of very considerable genius, which bursts in gleams even through the disgusting frame of this patchwork piece of trumpery. As for its being a play, it is no such thing. It is a mono-drame for Mr. Kean, with an appendage of ridiculous accessories, who serve only to swell out its inconsistency, and substitute compassion at their silliness, for loathing at the odious and fiendish malignancy of the One character.

Malvesi, the Dwarf, is a crooked wretch; in mind as distempered as in body disfigured. Like Richard, he detests all the better-proportioned part of creation, and especially his brother, who it seems is a great General behind the scenes, though a remarkably weak personage on the stage. This brother returns in triumph from the wars, and desires to be very fraternal with Malvesi; but the latter gnashes his teeth at him, and swings about at a fearful rate, giving him to understand that he will most assuredly murder him. Tired of endeavouring to pacify this little furious fellow, the hero Giulio goes to be married, in hopes that at least he won't be worse off in a wife than in a brother. Indeed her name promises better—it is Amanda. A very great ass yclept Count Orsino, and the wise General, bring a case of jewels, intended for a present to the bride, into the room where Malvesi is, and he (the abominable monster) substitutes a treasonable for a love-letter. On this evidence his brother's marriage is blown to the deuce, and he is banished, Romeo-like, to Milan, where there are no starving apothecaries to cure disappointed lovers. After this it is not easy to tell what goes on. Instead of being at Milan, we find all the parties, but the Dwarf, getting into a gentleman's house at Naples, and hiding themselves in sundry closets. Thence issue Giulio (Mr. H. Kemble) jealous of Amanda (Mrs. Mardyn); Ormond (Mr. Harley) having an assignation with Mira (Mrs. Orger); Gull (Mr. Oxberry) having opened Ormond's letter, and attempted to supersede him, but falling into the claws of an ugly old woman, Laura (Mrs. Harlowe);—while on the outside there are Spalto (Mr. Hamblin), an assassin hired by the Dwarf, and waiting for Giulio; and Imma (Mrs. W. West,) a virtuous young lady in boy's clothes, who is deeply enamoured of the amiable Dwarf, and wishes to prevent his committing this murder, from which she cannot dissuade him. After all this, and much more, tedious to behold or to tell, the Dwarf is invited to court, where the king gammons him a little, and to com-

plete his hoax has a curtain drawn up, behind which his brother is kneeling at the altar, receiving the hand of Amanda. Mr. Malvesi is of course very wroth at this treatment, justly rails at the king for playing so pitiful a trick, and with his dagger once more attempts the life of Giulio. In this he is foiled, and incontinently begins to babble about clouds of fire, &c. and finally tears his shirt all to rags and falls down-dead, the theatrical puff-writer says so.

Our readers will readily perceive from this account of the plot, that the Dwarf is a sort of blessed union of all the abominations of the Black Dwarf, Rashleigh Osbaliston, Richard III. Manfred, and other eminent little men of ancient and modern times. Mr. Kean has great advantages in representing him; his limbs and person being tolerably fitted for the part, and admirably improved in hideousness by a haggard countenance, pink inexpressibles and tabarro or mantle, and a black flowing curly wig of the gallant era of our Charles the 2d. The adoration of Imma, who gets into his inmost heart in the capacity of a page, is easily accounted for! Who could resist the tender passion, when a person, so accomplished in body and so beautiful in soul was the object? The insignificance of all the other characters renders them unworthy of criticism.

We perceived some very felicitous expressions and instances of powerful and poetical language in some of the dialogue; and one of the scenes, in which Malvesi laments his own guilt and wretchedness, is very fine. The rest appears to us to be ravishing caricature; and the whole so utterly at war with good taste, nature, and judgment, that it is impossible to be endured in a national theatre.

A clever sort of Epilogue, hinging on the Westminster Election and Parliamentary usages, was well spoken by Mistresses West and Orger. The latter had a most equivocal line to deliver on the first night, but it was softened down on the second, and the incident laughter of the house prevented.

Our country readers may, perhaps, have some curiosity to know what other people think of this play, and we are happy to have it in our power to present them with a well-written and able critique upon it from a competent source, and one worthy of credit:—the play-bill of last Monday!

"The new Tragi-Comedy of *The Dwarf of Naples*, produced for the first time on Saturday evening, was received by an overflowing audience with the most unequivocal and rapturous marks of complete approbation, and announced for repetition amidst unanimous acclamations of applause, it will therefore be acted every evening of performance till further notice.

"Mr. Kean, great and transcendent as has been the success of his masterly efforts in former characters, by his awfully sublime and powerful delineation of *The Dwarf of Naples* on Saturday evening, absolutely astonished and delighted the audience; and, though nearly exhausted by the vehement exertions of his performance, was loudly and

universally called for by the whole house to receive the concluding torrents of approbation with which it was thought fit to honour this vast addition to his professional fame. Mr. Kean will therefore appear in the character of Malvesi, *every evening of performance* till further notice."

DRURY LANE.—The Oratorio was on Wednesday fully attended, and again gave universal satisfaction. To the lovers of harmony indeed, Sir George Smart produces a treat of rare excellence. It is true that we could wish for less of choruses and more of pieces of simple melody; but it must be confessed that the former are most admirably selected, and convey a grand idea of the powers of music.

COVENT GARDEN.—Evadne, and Flora, with an endless variety of good entertainments, fill this theatre every night, with alternate attractions.

INTELLIGENT ORRERY.—HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. Lloyd continues his Lex astronomical lectures at this theatre with great success. We visited it on Monday, and can bear testimony to the ability and science of the lecturer. It might possibly be difficult, but if he could render these discourses more amusing, their instructive effect would be greatly augmented, and the rising generation rendered infinitely his debtors.

FOREIGN DRAMA.

THEATRE DES VARIETES.

First representation of *Douvres et Calais à vaudeville*, in 2 acts.

Florbel, a young French officer, arrives at Dover, with the intention of proceeding to London, where he is to receive in marriage the hand of Pamela, the daughter of a wealthy merchant. He has never seen his intended bride, but he knows that she is young and handsome; and that, moreover, she has a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, which of course adds considerably to her charms.

The first person he meets at the inn at Dover, is Sir Henry Belton, from whom he had won six hundred guineas at play, during the preceding winter at Paris. The Baronet has just carried off and married a young heiress, and is full of impatience to reach France, that he may elude the pursuit of his wife's father. Unluckily he has missed the packet-boat, and his fears of being overtaken are every moment increased. Enchanted by the grace and beauty of the fair fugitive, Florbel proposes to give up the yacht which brought him to Dover, and Belton accepts the offer without much solicitation.

The happy pair then set sail for France. Florbel is congratulating himself on the praiseworthy action he has performed,

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A Hunting groom advertises in the Morning Post of Saturday, for a place of service, and says as he has “ never lived with any but gentlemen of the greatest respectability, he hopes none but such will apply” !!

SINGULAR FOSSIL.—Two men belonging to Whitby, discovered on the Scar between Whitby and Saltwick, a few yards from the

when, to his utter astonishment, he learns that the young lady whose beauty and accomplishments he so highly admired, is the identical one to whom he was to have been united. To lose at once so charming a wife and a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, to have favoured the flight of a rival who was fully conscious of the treacherous part he was acting, might naturally enough excite feelings of vexation, and even excuse revenge! Florbel determines to be revenged, and for this purpose re-embarks for Calais.

Having succeeded in overtaking the yacht, he reaches Calais before the fugitives, and arranges his plan with the assistance of his valet *Germain*, and the landlady of the inn where *Belton* and his wife are expected to stop. They no sooner arrive than *Germain* presents himself, accompanied by a party of men disguised as gendarmes. He produces an order for arresting Sir Henry *Belton*, and the Baronet, overwhelmed with consternation, never suspects Florbel is playing him a trick, though he appears under the name of his own brother, and declares his intention of breaking off his marriage with a coquettish English-woman, who has already been engaged in several adventures of the same kind.

Florbel soon discovers that his manners are not altogether displeasing to Pamela, and he resolves to take advantage of this circumstance. He persuades *Belton* that the only mode by which he can escape being arrested, is to assume the disguise of his valet. Accordingly the *coup de grace* is, that Florbel excites so much alarm in the mind of the Baronet, that he suffers himself to be shut up in a closet, whilst Florbel orders port-horses, with the intention of departing with Pamela, and acts the part of her husband in admirable style.

At length when he thinks he has sufficiently punished the mystified Baronet for the preference shewn to him by Pamela, he restores him to liberty, and gives him back his wife.

The piece was most favourably received, though a great portion of its success may be attributed to the original style in which Bosquier sustained the character of *Belton*. The authors are Messrs. Constant, Misonnier, and Leon.

VARIETIES.

The celebrated Madame de Staél conversing in English one day, said the greatest difficulty she found in the language, was in those words which were pronounced from “ the sky (roof) of the mouth.”

A Hunting groom advertises in the Morning Post of Saturday, for a place of service, and says as he has “ never lived with any but gentlemen of the greatest respectability, he hopes none but such will apply” !!

SINGULAR FOSSIL.—Two men belonging to Whitby, discovered on the Scar between Whitby and Saltwick, a few yards from the

Cliff, the petrified remains of a large animal, of the kind usually supposed to belong to the crocodile genus. The fossil was imbedded in the Alum Rock.—The skull is entire, measuring two feet ten inches long, and one foot in breadth at the broadest part, from which it tapers to a point, almost in the form of a bird's beak. The jaw-bones have been twisted, the upper jaw overhanging the under-jaw on one side, leaving part of the face of the under-jaw exposed on the other. The teeth are numerous, but most of them are broken, or bent out of their places. The rest of the skeleton is in a very mutilated state, consisting of portions of the spine, with a few imperfect ribs attached, lying in various directions. The animal must have been above fourteen feet in length.

Rossini has lately composed an opera on the subject of the *Pie voleuse*, which has been performed successfully at Rome. Those who are in any degree acquainted with the works of the above elegant composer, will not, we presume, place much reliance on the following observations, which have appeared in a French Journal, respecting this new opera:—“ It is a tissue of French country dances, and German waltzes. Only one of the converted pieces produced any thing like effect, and even that was almost wholly taken from a *quintetto* in Spontini's *Vestale*.”

In course of some recent diggings, near Fanagoria, in the government of Tauris, a vault, in the form of a tomb, was discovered, containing a human body of prodigious size, in a state of high preservation. It is presumed that the body has lain there since a remote period of antiquity, for it is well known that Tauris formed one of the Colonies of ancient Greece. The head was encircled with a laurel wreath in gold; on the forehead was a gold medal with a head and the initials P. P. (Philip.) On each side of the body were vases of silver and porcelain, chains of gold, and ear-rings. On one of the fingers was a gold ring, with a precious stone, on which were engraved two figures, the one male and the other female, admirably executed. There is reason to suppose that the vault was the tomb of some illustrious warrior of the age of Philip.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

CONTENTS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS FOR MARCH 1819.

James Mill's History of British India, reviewed by M. Silvestre de Sacy.—G. Spurzheim's Observations sur la Phréno-logie, by M. Tessier; J. M. Kinneir's Journey through Asia Minor, &c. second article, by M. Letronne.—Von Hammer, Fundgruben des Orients, by M. Raynouard.—M. Petit Radel, Recherches sur la Bibliothèques anciennes et modernes, by M. Daunou.—Nouvelles Lettres édifiantes des Missions de la Chine et des Indes orientales, by M. Abel Rémusat.—Mr. Geoffrey Saint

Hilaire, Philosophie anomique, by M. Tessier.

LITERARY PRIZE.—We observe on the cover of the New Monthly Magazine a notice from its proprietor of an unusual, and, as it appears to us, of liberal and spirited nature. It is the offer of a premium of *one hundred guineas* for the best Essay “On English Literature during the 18th and 19th centuries.” The plan proposed is one somewhat similar to that of the Tableau de la Littérature Française pendant le Dix-huitième siècle, and the period for delivering in the essays is limited to the 30th November next. The decision is to be left to an impartial council, and from what we know of the party offering this prize, we take upon ourselves to invite the attention of aspiring writers to it, as an honourable object for competition, which will be bona fide and justly awarded. Of course secrecy on the part of candidates is desirable, and they ought to employ distinguishing marks rather than signatures, by which they may be enabled to identify their works.

[Further particulars are promised by Mr. Colburn.]

DR. SYNTAX.—We have a note from Mr. Ackerman, which says, “ I think it a duty I owe to the public to announce that a work now publishing, entitled *Dr. Syntax in London*, is not written by the author of *Dr. Syntax's Tour in search of the Picturesque*, from whose pen a second part to the original work will shortly be published.

The first number of a *Journal of Science, Literature, and Art*, has lately appeared at Rome. The superior talent with which it is conducted, powerfully recommends it to the lovers of literature and antiquity. Among the articles contained in the first number are—an unpublished poem, attributed to Boccaccio, on the death of our Saviour; observations on the diggings which have lately been begun with success in the *vía Praenestina*; an essay on the description of Greece, by Pausanias; letters to Canova on the Elgin Marbles, &c.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MARCH.

Thursday, 11.—Thermometer from 33 to 52.
Barometer from 30, 24 to 30, 29.
Wind NW. 0.—Cloudy.

Friday, 12.—Thermometer from 40 to 52.
Barometer from 30, 33 to 30, 40.
Wind NW. 4.—Generally cloudy; sunshine at times.

Saturday, 13.—Thermometer from 41 to 50.
Barometer from 30, 43 to 30, 50.
Wind NW. 0.—Cloudy.

Sunday, 14.—Thermometer from 38 to 49.
Barometer from 30, 50 to 30, 47.
Wind NE. and E. 4.—Generally cloudy till the evening, when it became clear.

Monday, 15.—Thermometer from 25 to 52.
Barometer from 30, 40 to 30, 30.
Wind EbS. and SW. 4.—Generally clear. A white frost in the morning.

Tuesday, 16.—Thermometer from 38 to 58.
Barometer from 30, 23 to 30, 21.
Wind SW. $\frac{1}{2}$, and W. $\frac{1}{4}$.—Morning and noon cloudy, the rest of the day clear.

Wednesday, 17.—Thermometer from 39 to 46.
Barometer from 30, 30 to 30, 35.
Wind NW. 2.—Generally cloudy.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

New Publications.

Lord Byron.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, of April, price 2s. will contain, among many other interesting articles, **THE VAMPYRE**, a Tale, by Lord Byron, never before published. The same Number will be accompanied by a fine Portrait and interesting Memoir of Mr. Coleridge.

Amphill.

This Day is published, 5s. 6d.

LINES written at AMPHILL PARK.
Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

This Day is published, small 8vo. 5s. 6d. uniform with

The Pleasures of Memory,
HUMAN LIFE. A Poem.
By SAMUEL ROGERS.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Hakewill's Views in Italy.

This Day is published, 4to. 12s. 6d.

the Fifth Number of

HAKEWILL'S VIEWS in ITALY, illustrating
of Addison, Eustace, Forsyth, &c. containing
I. Cascade and Temple at Tivoli; engraved by Scott—
II. La Riccia; engraved by Pye—III. Bridge of Augustus,
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